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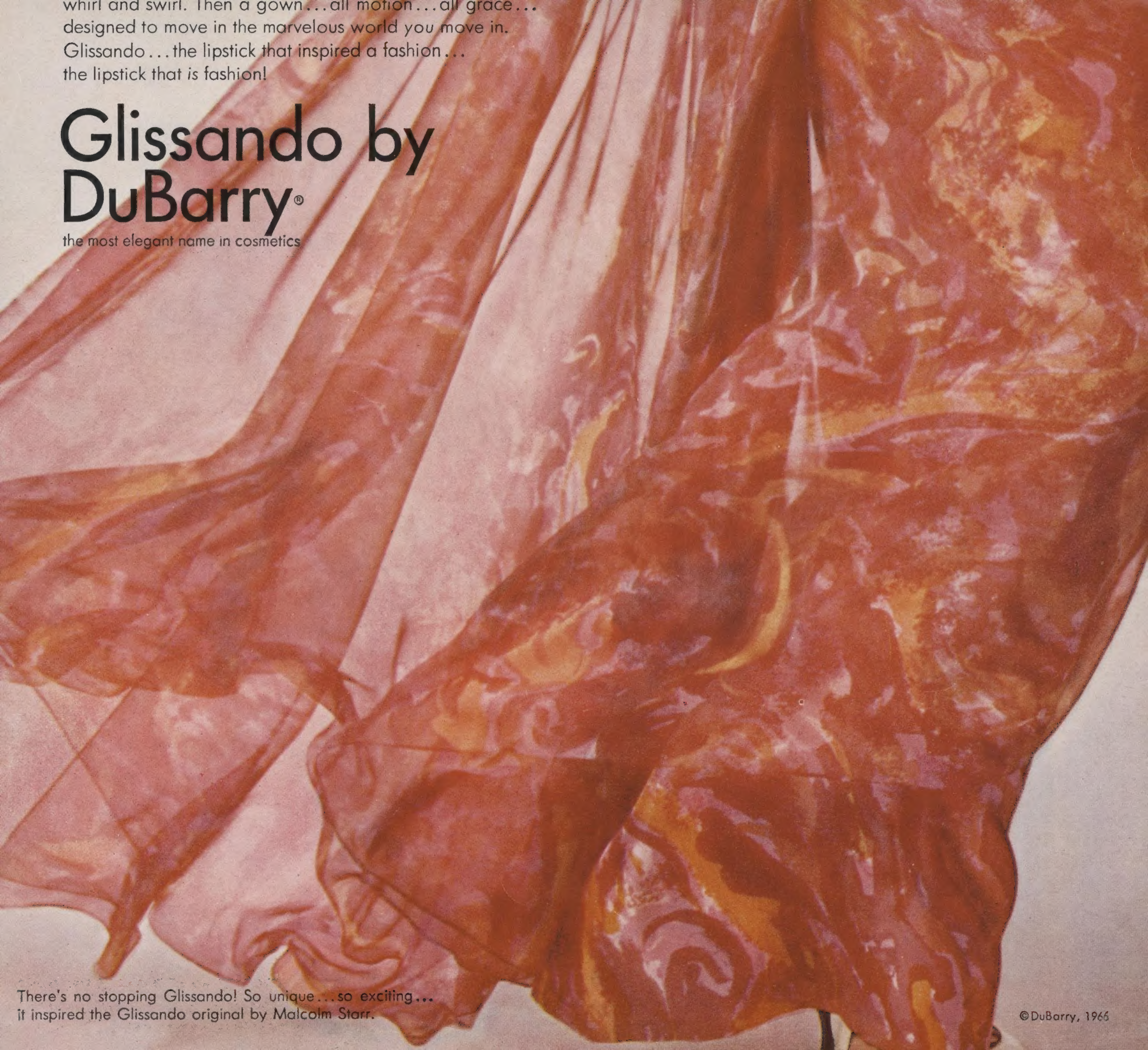


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APRIL 15, 1966

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



AVEDON

COVER: Top silver in Saint Laurent's navy—a neat little sailor suit all decked out in a glitter of paillettes. Navy-blue-and-silver dress cut easy as a sweater, a Roman-striped cardigan flashing silver, navy blue, and white. More navy going around: big shiny hoops at the ear . . . big rings holding a flat horizontal chignon. Fabric by Malhia. Suit, in America at I. Magnin. Earrings by Scemama. Coiffure by Alexandre.

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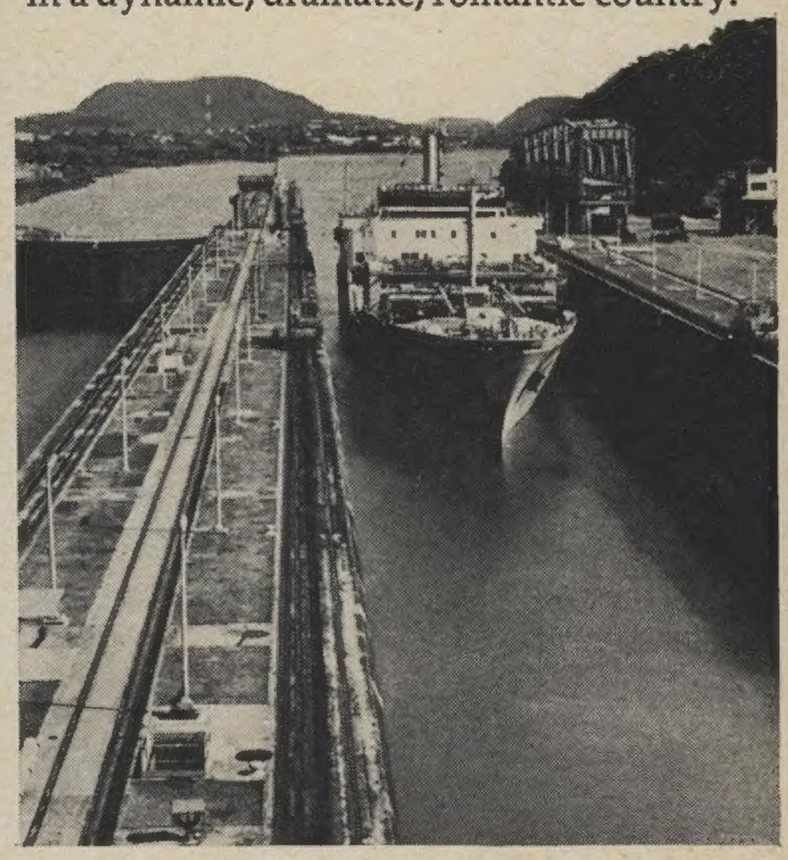
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There is a certain kind of woman whose itinerary reads like a modern Odyssey. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

¡Olé! Off on a fabulous cruise to the Difficult Countries: Panama, Ecuador, Venezuela, Peru and Colombia.
What did she think as her Grace Line ship neared Panama? Panama, land of the "conquistadores," gateway to South America.
Did she feel that thrill of adventure and discovery that Columbus and Balboa must have experienced?
As she walked among the silent stones of Old Panama city could she hear echoed the sneering laughter of Henry Morgan and his pirate band? For these are part of Panama, the past that still lives in a dynamic, dramatic, romantic country.



She slid through the middle of Panama in a graceful Grace Line galleon and followed the conquistadores to the Difficult Countries. ¡Magnífica!

Old Panama City, just a few miles down the coast from the present capital, was captured and sacked by Henry Morgan and his pirate band in 1671. This geometric print silk dress can be as much a part of the old city scene as gay Indian tribal costumes. It's a wonderfully cool trip-taker in white with black. 8 to 16, 40.00

The 50-mile-long Panama Canal was begun by a private French company in 1878 and completed by the U.S. in 1914. The Grace Line ship passed through six locks on its way to the Pacific.

Panama itself looks like a lazy "S" lying on its side, its head in Central America and its foot at the top of South America. In much of Panama, the sun rises over the Pacific! The Canal cuts through from northwest to southeast (its Pacific exit is 27 miles east of its Atlantic entrance), just about in the middle. One of the beautiful new Grace sister ships—*Santa Magdalena, Santa Maria, Santa Mercedes* and *Santa Mariana*—takes about 8 hours to pass through, then heads out for more adventure in Sud América.

She participated in the Grace Line's traditional crossing of the equator ceremonies. (What a thrill, crossing the earth's belt, first time!) And a little while later, on to a giant, throbbing metropolis on the Pacific coast—Guayaquil, largest city of Ecuador and its financial and industrial center.

She traveled through history and mystery: down to Baños and the steaming jungle, up above Quito to snowcapped volcanos.

Ecuador is South America's second smallest country yet its boundaries encompass an amazing variety of terrain: desert, mountains, rain forest, dense tropical jungle. The little city of Baños stands at the edge of one of the world's last unexplored jungle areas. To the west, volcanos glow in the night and towering peaks reach into the zone of perpetual snow. Quito, capital city of Ecuador, rests in a bowl rimmed by volcanic mountains. It is the second highest capital in the world, a city of perpetual spring, where the sun rises and sets at six.



Quito is often referred to as the Florence of South America. It is a city of magnificent churches, breathtaking vistas and startling contrasts. In the old southern sectors, women still wash their clothes in the Machangara River.



Outside Quito are many of Equador's Indian fairs and markets where bartering might be done in a pleated skirt with a matching overblouse and polka dot scarf. The outfit is a wanderlust blend of triacetate and rayon. White with brown or navy. 8 to 16, 30.00

Her wardrobe matched each exciting moment in the Difficult Countries, from a taste of "llapingachos" in Guayaquil to a round of golf in Caracas.

They're called the Difficult Countries. They're a little difficult to get around in, what with towering, magnificent, snowcapped mountains, wild rivers, dense, lush jungles. It's a little difficult to communicate if you don't speak a bit of Spanish. It's difficult trying to move on. Once you've fallen in love with Quito, for instance, it'll be difficult to think of giving your heart to Caracas... until you've seen Caracas. Or Lima, Machu Picchu, Bogota, Cartagena.



Hummingbirds and golden rain flowers, jasmine and poinsettias kept her Venezuelan visit brilliant and fragrant.

Venezuela is a country of color and variety. There is hardly a time of year when the countryside is not in full flower. Orchids alone come in yellow, orange, red, green, brown and black. Snowcapped mountains and tropical jungles are within easy distance of giant rain forests and beautiful beaches. And, Venezuela has Caracas, one of the most magnificent and varied of cities. Its vitality and wealth of culture make it the Paris, Rome and London of South America.



In Caracas, she rode the cable car to the 4000-foot summit of Pico Avila for a spectacular view of the city and the Caribbean coast. Her fern printed coat covers a marvelous A-line shift in the same fabric. Together, a terrific travel ensemble, wonderful for afternoon and evening. Black and white cotton. 8 to 16, 75.00

Modern glass and steel skyscrapers contrast vividly with the colonial flavor of the city's old commercial center. Expressways and steep narrow streets live side by side. It is a city of dynamic change, obviously the capital of a well-endowed country.

A country where Caribbean and Atlantic join to form 1,750 miles of breathtaking coastline. A country where ski enthusiasts can enjoy snow-clad Mirror Peak from June to November.

It's cattle country and oil country. World-famous Lake Maracaibo is rich with black gold. Beyond Maracaibo, and far to the east and south, are gold mines, diamond fields, pearls and marble. And Venezuela has treasures few men have ever seen, like gigantic Angel Falls in the southeastern mountains. It was discovered in 1937 and its landscape is so formidable that it is wisest seen from an airplane.



The total height of the falls is 3,212 feet, two and a half times higher than the Empire State Building.

She climbed to snowy Andean heights and dreamed of next time and perhaps a glimpse of Angel Falls.

The most difficult part? To say good-bye to the mountains, the jungles, the adventure, the gentle people. Until next time. She'll come again, perhaps we'll all come.



Did you know the Grace Line makes weekly visits to South America all year round? How about a 26-day cruise to unforgettable adventure in the Difficult Countries?

There is a certain kind of woman whose spirit of adventure will someday lead her back to this fantastic land. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

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Just 45 minutes by car from Caracas is a beautiful stretch of beach on the shimmering Caribbean. It is called Playas de Puerto Azul, and it is a splendid place to swim, sail or just sit and sun. Perhaps in this two piece sarong-skirted swimsuit. It has the marvelous texture of whipped cream. Dacron® polyester; blue, yellow or pink. 8 to 14, 25.00

The Great Impression . . .



Hannah Troy makes it with Fortrel.

The light, fantastic voile, summer thin,
thickly strewn with bright, small flowers.
Joyce's printed voile of
Fortrel polyester and cotton,
in a flaring pin-pleated dress
with a cape-back by Hannah Troy.
Gold and olive; red and blue.
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Lightening elegance of pink silk crepe glittering with pink bugle beads. From our Tribout Collection

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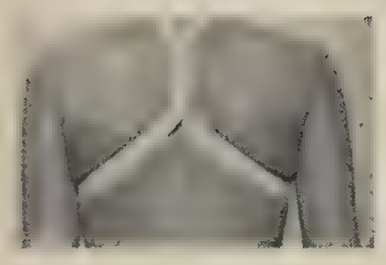
Underpinning the revelation revolution: Paris-U.S.



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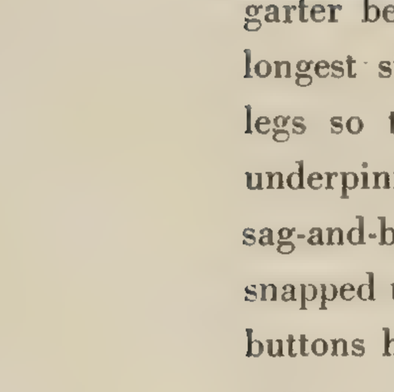
Agreed. The revelation revolution has gripped fashion—cutouts of bareness are here, transparency is here. . . . Question. What goes on under the dress with a cutaway back? cutaway shoulders? cutaway arms? transparent midriff? . . . Answers. Right here—supplied by some of the cleverest underground workers on two continents. . . . PARIS REPORT: Madame Sénégas, among the qui-vive-iest of lingerie designers, has devised a sure way to cope with the dress with cutaway shoulders. To wit: the white nylon brassière (1) polka-dotted in blue. An elastic ribbon circles the neck and buttons into a T-strap in back, leaving the shoulders nicely naked. This, for Triumph. About $9 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Dior's perfect solution (2) to various problems raised by the revelation revolution—a lacy black brassière with ten hooks placed hither and yon, on which to plot practically any strap combination for any dress-exposure, from an X'd-out back, as here, to no straps at all. . . . At Saint Laurent, under his transparent dresses, the mannequins wore a three-inch bandeau purely for modesty. This is virtually like wearing no bra at all—and that's the idea exactly. . . . On what else French mannequins are wearing underneath: as little as possible—the briefest bikini-pantie over the shortest garter belt (but big enough to settle down on the hip, bikini-style) and the longest stockings. Under pants, they switch to a pantie brief with little-boy legs so there's no bikini-outline to show in back. Also big news in little underpinnings: sheer tights, worn *under* the lightest girdle—no chance of "le sag-and-bag." (In this connection, a tiny, tomato-red bikini-girdle is being snapped up all over Paris. It smooths tummy and derrière, comes with garters that fasten on to flat little buttons hidden under the leg-band—very very smooth.) U. S. REPORT: For the dress with low, bared, square-cut armholes—the No-Bra bra (3) that's winning over even the pas-de-bra French girls. Just a wisp of nude sheer nylon. By Rudi Gernreich for Exquisite Form, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. $4 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Least-of-all (4), the wireless, boneless, strapless, all but bra-less bra—two adhesive crescents of soft skin-coloured flannel that lift the bosom under the barest décolletage. This little next-to-nothing, $4. By Bleuette (509 Fifth Avenue). . . . Halter-neck dress, one-shoulder dress . . . Warner's to the rescue—their lacy white brassière (5) has endlessly manoeuvrable straps (which are wide-set to begin with, and good news for a dress with a wide, low neckline). Of Antron nylon and Lycra. $6 at Bloomingdale's. . . . Underpinning the dress with an X'd-out neckline or a deep plunge in front—a lightly padded black brassière (6) covered with lace, threaded with pale ribbon. It goes strapless or strapped, this way and that. By Lady Marlene, of Du Pont nylon, Dacron fibre fill, and Lycra powernet. $7 at Bloomingdale's.



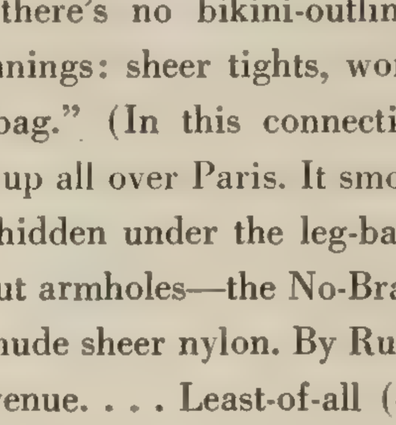
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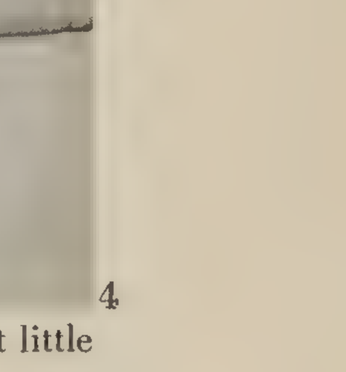


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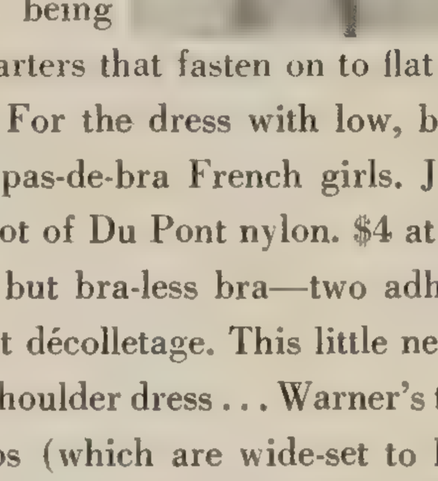


5





6



GUY BOURDIN

Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.



TAji

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

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Bet you haven't seen a buckle as sparkly-pretty as this since you played in Grandma's attic.

Now see the shoe. It's whiffed with nostalgia.
But it's 100% up-to-the-minute.
Soft. Supple. Light... why, even the
elegant buckle that looks so much
like those marvelous old cut
steel ones is feather-weight. Furthermore,
this shoe will keep its gleaming beauty longer.
It'll repel water. Stay shapely. Won't crack.
And it's easy-care, wipe-and-wear.
Grandma never had it so good.
But then, Grandma didn't have the
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De Liso Debs shoe, in shining CORFAM®



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a lasting impact of

sensitive looks. And

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as expressed by Don Breitinger for Harold Levine

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the long pull, twice-smart when it's double breasted and adds dots for dash above crisp plaid cotton. by charles cooper for cooper couture, 8 to 18, 145.00. add the fabulous new scent, "shulton's taji," long lasting; in perfume oil, perfume oil mist, dusting powder, soap. inner circle, fourth and cosmetics, first floor, chicago.

Is a well-set table important to you? Then so is the tuned car.



PHOTO BY MIKE CUESTA

Automobiles, we know, are not so intriguing to you as they are to your husband.

But that doesn't mean you have to be in the dark about cars. Actually, you can understand the tuned car (and appreciate it, too) more easily than he can.

The tuned car, you see, is really not much different than a beautifully set table. They're both combinations. And if you choose with care and a certain amount of devotion, you can create something somehow special.

You work with silver and china and crystal and tablecloth; we work with styling and performance and ride and handling. No difference, really. A new Buick gives you the same satisfaction, the same pride. And a new Buick is as easy to live with as a set of fine tableware. (Buick's reputation for dependability goes back generations.)

You'll find, as you get to know your Buick more intimately, that you're a much better driver than you might have been giving yourself credit for. Buick's light steering is part of Buick's secret of crisp handling, which makes traffic easy to cope with. Buick seating is comfortably firm. And Buick styling makes you look your best. Now, does Buick styling make the tuned car easier to drive?

Does a beautiful table improve a dinner? We rest our case.

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

GM

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

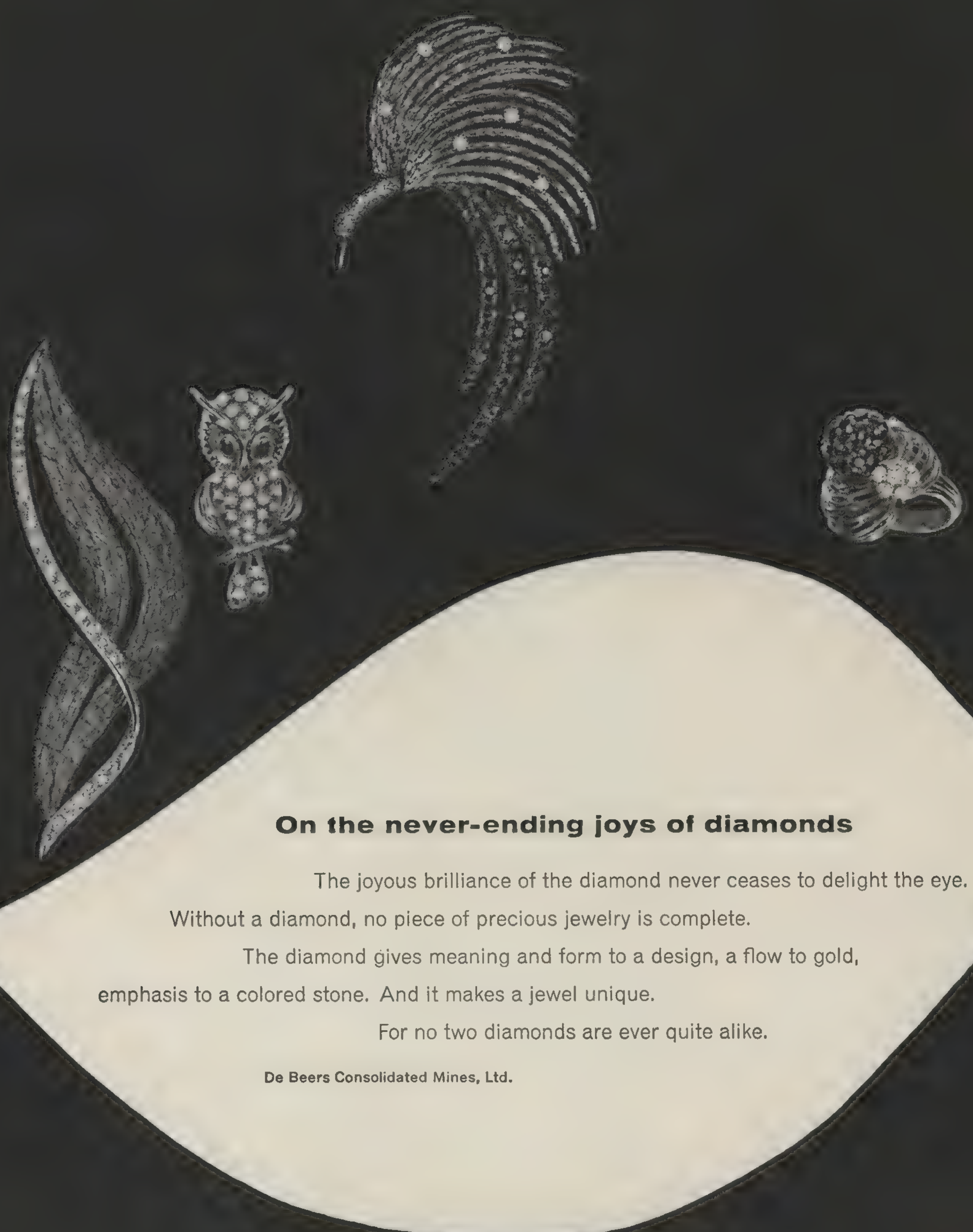
Rave-up your fashion spirit with the young, haunting fragrance of TAJI perfume oil, as "with it" as this smashing suit by CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE. A cotton ottoman with swing-pleated skirt in the knack of black-and-white. One of the trendsetters from Burdine's famed Gold Coast Room.



BURDINE'S

Sunshine Fashions

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FT. LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH



On the never-ending joys of diamonds

The joyous brilliance of the diamond never ceases to delight the eye.
Without a diamond, no piece of precious jewelry is complete.
The diamond gives meaning and form to a design, a flow to gold,
emphasis to a colored stone. And it makes a jewel unique.
For no two diamonds are ever quite alike.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Leaf pin, about $1100; owl pin, about $750; bird pin, about $1050; ring, about $1650; snail pin, about $350. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

shillito's
CINCINNATI, OHIO

CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE

Designs the Lighthearted
Suit of Summer
With a Lingering Touch of

TAJI

The suit and the scent
that both breeze beautifully
over the body now.
Summer-bare suit in
white Italian menswear silk with
a cool new envelope-wrapped
back. Also in black.
Sizes 6 to 14. $145.



The fragrance that fills
the air with fashion: long-lasting
Taji in Perfume Oil $7.50

HATS BY MR. JOHN JR. PHOTOS BY ED GRANT

Summer's new love, the spectator knit, in a handsome textured blend of Arnel® triacetate and nylon by **FOLKER.** Green, black or brown stripes on white. 10 to 20, about 23.00

Nelly Don



Charming, ladylike look for Summer. Frosty white dots on cocoa, blue or green, in an easycare Arnel® jersey triacetate by **WULLSCHLEGER.** 10 to 20, about 20.00

Nelly Don



Departure point for travelers, the contemporary costume in **CHARTER'S** new blend of Arnel® triacetate and rayon. Shell of linenlike rayon. Green, brown, black. 10 to 20, about 26.00

Nelly Don



Pretty portrait shift in **BLENDS** leno sheer of Fortrel®polyester and Avril®rayon...fully lined, optional self belt. Green, red, blue on white. 5-6 to 16, about 18.00

Miss Donna

For dresses featured on the three preceding pages and above, write Nelly Don, Box 616, Kansas City, Missouri. Prices slightly higher on West Coast.

FASHION ON THE MOVE

Costume in black and white cotton
About $100. 8-16

DAVID BARR
for
FABIOLA



910 South Los Angeles Street
Los Angeles, California 90015

Underpinning the revelation revolution



Quick briefing, right, for a dress that bares the small of the back: a lightly controlling smidge of pantie that does the same—sheer, white, barely seamed. By Henson Kickernick; nylon and spandex. $3. At Altman's; L. S. Ayres.



Down in back, left: an underwired white lace brassière with satin-and-stretch straps—the better to prevent slip-ups under a low-backed summer dress, my dear. By Treo; nylon lace and Lycra. $8. Altman's; Halle Bros.

Low down on the middle, right, a sheer white pantie brief with a double panel in front—to wear under a dress cut out around the waist, *over* white tights to hold them up where they belong. By Jantzen; nylon and Lycra blend. $4. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's. Coiffures by Raymond of Aurélien Lintermans. Hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.



The Anne Fogarty
shown on opposite page
is available at these fine stores.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK
(Anne Fogarty Room)
RICH'S, ATLANTA
(Anne Fogarty Room)
JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA
HIGBEE CO., CLEVELAND
J. L. HUDSON, DETROIT
STIX, BAER & FULLER, ST. LOUIS
L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS
J. W. ROBINSON – LOS ANGELES

Akron, Ohio .....Polsky's
Asbury Park, N.J. Dainty Apprl. Shop, Inc.
Austin, Texas .....Rae Ann Shop, Inc.
Baltimore, Md. .....Hochschild-Kohn
Berkeley, Calif. ..Sather Gate Apprl. Shop
Billings, Mont. .....Hart-Albin
Binghamton, N.Y. ..Fowler, Dick, Walker
Birmingham, Ala. Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Bismarck, N.D. .....Alex-Ruth
Boston, Mass. .....Wm. Filene's
Buffalo, N.Y. .....Wm. Hengerer
Cambridge, Mass. .....Gertrude Singer
Canton, Ohio .....Stern & Mann
Champaign, Ill. .....Robeson's
Charleston, S.C. .....Elza's
Charleston, W. Va. .....The Diamond
Chicago, Ill. .....Chas. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Shillitos
Columbus, Ohio .....Cole of Columbus
Danville, Ill. .....Jules Strauss
Darien, Conn. .....Margo Moore
Dayton, Ohio .....Rike-Kumler
Decatur, Ill. .....Carol's
Denver, Colo. .....May D. & F.
Duluth, Minn. .....Arthur Silver
Elkhart, Ind. .....Stephensons
El Paso, Texas .....Given Bros.
Fargo, N.D. .....Shotwell's
Ft. Wayne, Ind. .....Wolf & Dessauer
Grand Rapids, Mich. ....Herpolsheimers
Haddonfield, N.J. .....Lillian Albus
Hanover, N.H. .....Town & Country
Harrisburg, Pa. .....Bowman's
Houston, Texas .....Sakowitz Bros.
Jacksonville, Fla. .....May Cohens
Kansas City, Mo. .....Harzfeld's
Lancaster, Pa. .....Watt & Shand
Lansing, Mich. .....Maurice's
Lincoln, Neb. .....Miller and Paine
Louisville, Ky. .....Stewart Co.
Manchester, N.H. ....Floyds c/o Blauners
Meriden, Conn. .....Weil's
Miami, Fla. .....Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Jackson-Graves
Montgomery, Ala. Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Napa, Calif. .....Rosee
Newark, N.J. .....Hahne Co.
Newburgh, N.Y. .....Traver's
New Hartford, N.Y. .....E. Cramer & Son
New Haven, Conn. .....Esther's
New Orleans, La. .....Maison Blanche
Norfolk, Va. .....Nicholson & Marks
Oklahoma City, Okla. .....Viola Marsh
Omaha, Neb. .....Zoob's
Peoria, Ill. .....Carson, Pirie, Scott
Phoenix, Ariz. .....Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Joseph Horne Co., Inc.
Portland, Oregon .....Lipman-Wolfe
Princeton, N.J. .....Bellows
Providence, R.I. .....Outlet Co.
Richmond, Va. .....Thalheimer's
Rochester, N.Y. .....McCurdy's
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Z.C.M.I.
San Diego, Calif. .....Marston Co.
Santa Fe, N.M. .....Annabella's
Schenectady, N.Y. .....JoAn Co.
Seattle, Wash. .....Bests Apparel
South Bend, Ind. .....Robertson's
Springfield, Ohio .....Edward Wren
St. Petersburg, Fla. .....Maas Bros.
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Addis Co.
Toledo, Ohio .....Lamson's
Tulsa, Okla. .....Vandevers
Westchester, Pa. .....Joel Weiss
Wichita, Kan. .....Lewin's
Wilmington, Del. .....Fisher's
Worcester, Mass. .....Ulian



"Nobody wears long dresses
every night of the week.
But you can look as if you do.
That's how this dress makes you feel.
Long and lean and poised.
Yet, so natural you forget
you're wearing anything unusual."

Anne Fogarty

Zepel† stain protected piqué of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton. Sizes 4 to 14. $80*
At stores listed on opposite page. Anne Fogarty, Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., New York.

†TM FOR DUPONT'S FABRIC FLUORIDIZER. ®DUPONT'S REG. TM FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. *SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.



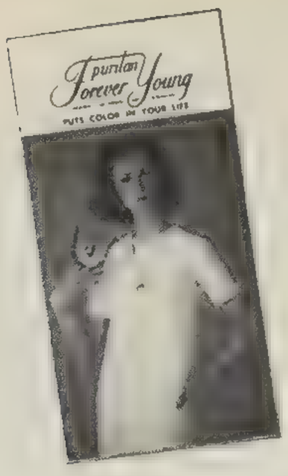
BEYOND THE CONFINES...THE SAVAGE SCENT

by GENEL

a cologne and after shave for women who want their man all male

a division of Puritan Fashions

sold at the fine department and specialty stores listed on the opposite page



Puritan Forever Young FASHION DIRECTORY

MAGIC WORDS OF FASHION...

● *All fashions illustrated in booklet can be seen or ordered at the following stores.*

ALABAMA
Birmingham.....Loveman's
Florence.....Kreisman's
Huntsville.....Loveman's

ARIZONA
Phoenix.....Korrick's-Broadway
Tucson.....Levy's

ARKANSAS
Pine Bluff.....Baims Dept. Store

CALIFORNIA
Alhambra.....Britts Dept. Store
Antioch.....Famous Fashions
Arcadia.....Hinshaws
Bakersfield.....Malcolm Brock
Bellflower.....Miriam's
Benica.....Wilson & Wilson
Burbank.....Dottie Lee
Castro Valley...Daughtrey's Dept. Store
Coronado.....Kitty's
Culver City.....Charleston
Eureka.....Daly Bros.
Fullerton.....Ella Nor Dress Shop
Glendale.....Webb's
Hollywood.....Kings Half Sizes
Huntington Park.....Wineman's
Inglewood.....Nancy Craig
Lakewood.....Butler's
Lancaster.....Scott's
Lompoc.....Moore's Dept. Store
Long Beach.....Walker's
Los Angeles.....Broadway Dept. Store (all stores)
Marysville.....Jay's
Merced.....Tall's Dept. Store
Monrovia.....Ress Shop
Napa.....Carithers of Napa
North Hollywood.....Rathbun's
Oakland.....The Frances Shop
Ontario.....J. M. McDonald
Pacific Grove.....Holman's Dept. Store
Pasadena.....Slenderline
Pittsburg.....Klein's
Pomona.....Orange Belt Emporium
Richmond.....Nefty's
Rosemead.....Ro-Corson
Sacramento.....Weinstock Hale
San Bernardino..Harris Co. Dept. Store
San Diego.....Broadway Dept. Store (all stores)
San Diego.....Walker-Scott
San Francisco....Macy's (all branches)
San Jose.....L. Hart
San Mateo.....Levy Bros.
San Pablo.....Simons
Santa Barbara.....The Hughes, Inc.
Santa Monica.....Marbros
Santa Rosa...Carithers Santa Rosa Inc.
Santa Rosa.....Rosenbergs
Stockton.....Katten-Marengo
Ventura.....Berger's
Walnut Creek....Simons-Walnut Creek
West Covina.....Zukors
Whittier.....Hinshaws
Willows.....Willows Dept. Store

COLORADO
Denver.....May D & F (all locations)
Pueblo.....Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport.....D. M. Read, Inc.
Derby.....The Fair Shoppe
Hartford.....Sage Allen
New Haven.....Edward Malley Co.
Putnam.....The Bugbee Corp.
Trumbull.....D. M. Read, Inc.
Willimantic.....Fullerton & Fournier

DELAWARE
Dover.....Emanuel's
Milford.....Emanuel's
Wilmington....Braunstein's Dept. Store
Wilmington.....Lincoln Shop

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington..Hecht Co. (and branches)

FLORIDA
Daytona Beach.....Belk-Lindsey
Jacksonville.....May-Cohen
Lakeland.....Edwards-Macy
Lake Worth.....Fountain's
Miami.....Richards Dept. Store
Orlando.....Brenners
Pensacola.....Rita's
Sarasota.....Cotton Shop
St. Petersburg...Ruth's Fashion Corner
Tampa.....Haber's

GEORGIA
Augusta..Ruben's Richmond Dept. Store
Atlanta...Davison Paxon (all locations)
Savannah.....Hogan's
Savannah.....Levy's

IDAHO
Boise.....Bon Marche
Idaho Falls.....Bon Marche

ILLINOIS
Alton.....Schaeffer's
Arlington Heights..Lorraine Anne Shop
Belleville.....Haskell's
Bloomington.Rolandsof Bloomington,Inc.
Canton.....Scripps-McCartney
Champaign.....Joseph Kuhn Co.
Chicago.....Weiboldts Stores
Danville.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Decatur.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
DeKalb.....Personality Shop
Elgin.....Ackemann's
Freeport.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Herrin.....M. P. Zwick & Sons
Joliet.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Kewanee.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
LaSalle.....Mirror of Fashion
Lombard.....Henderson's of Lombard
Oglesby.....Personality Frock Shoppe
Ottawa.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Pekin.....Fran's
Peoria.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Rochelle.....Personality Shop
Rock Island.....McCabe Dry Goods Co.
Rockford.....C. V. Weise Co.
Shelbyville.....Barbara's
Springfield.....Herndon's
Streator.....Marty's Shop
Sycamore.....Henderson's Dept. Store
Waukegan...Waukegan Dry Dept. Store

INDIANA
Bloomington...Neumode Womens Shops
Evansville.....Wells of Evansville
Fort Wayne.....Stillman's
Goshen.....Lucille's
Hammond.....Edward C. Minas Co.
Indiana Harbor...Mademoiselle Shoppe
Indianapolis.....Wm. H. Block
Michigan City.....Lasko Bro.
Muncie.....Stillmans
Richmond.....Knollenberg's
South Bend.....George Wyman & Co.
Terre Haute.....Schultz & Co.
Vincennes.....Strashun-Hasty

IOWA
Cedar Rapids.....Killian Co.
Davenport.....Peterson Harned
Waterloo.....James Black Dry Goods

KANSAS
Kansas City.....The Leader
Wichita.....Innes & Co.
Wichita.....Virginia's Inc.

KENTUCKY
Covington.....Coppin's Dept. Store
Louisville.....J. Bacon & Co.
Newport.....Sara's Dress Shop
Owensboro.....S. W. Anderson Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria.....Wellans
Baton Rouge.....D. H. Holmes
Baton Rouge.....Rosenfield's
Bogalusa.....Rosenblum's
Monroe.....Style Shop
New Iberia.....Wormser's
New Orleans.....D. H. Holmes (all locations)
Opelousas.....Abdalla's Inc.
Shreveport.....Sally Mae

MAINE
Augusta.....D. W. Adams & Co.
Bangor.....Freese's
Lewiston.....Peck's

MARYLAND
Annapolis.....Britt's Dept. Store
Baltimore.....The Hecht Co. (and branches)
Easton.....Fox's
Glen Burnie.....Robinson's Dept. Store
Pocomoke City.....The Outlet
Sererna Park....Robinson's Dept. Store

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston....Jordan Marsh (all locations)
Braintree.....Sheridan Inc.
Brockton.....Edgar's
Fall River.....Edgar's
Great Barrington...Holden & Stone Co.
Lynn.....T. W. Rogers
New Bedford.....Star Store
No. Adams.....The Boston Store
Pittsfield.....Holden & Stone Co.
Quincy.....Sheridan, Inc.
Revere.....Britt's Dept. Store
Salem.....Almy, Bigelow & Washburn
Saugus.....Hoffman's
Springfield.....Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
Worcester.....Denholm & McKay Co.

MICHIGAN
Adrian.....Stram's
Alma.....Gittleman's
Ann Arbor.....Kessel's Fashion Shop
Bay City.....Dutchess Shop
Big Rapids.....Graichen's
Dearborn.....Jacey's
Flint.....Smith-Bridgman
Freemont.....Graichen's
Grand Rapids.....Herpolsheimer Co.
Jackson.....L. H. Field Co.
Jackson.....Stillman's
Kalamazoo.....Ruby's
Lansing.....Letts Fashions
Muskegon.....Grossman's Dept. Store
Muskegon.....Hardy-Herpolsheimer
Pontiac.....Waite's
Saginaw.....Seitner's

MINNESOTA
Duluth....Duluth Glass Block Store Co.
Minneapolis.....Dayton Co.
Minneapolis..Donaldson's—Golden Rule
Rochester....Donaldson's—Golden Rule
St. Paul.....Donaldson's—Golden Rule

MISSISSIPPI
Greenville.....The Fair
Jackson.....Kennington Co.
Jackson.....McRae's & Co. Inc.
Meridian.....Draven's
Tupelo.....Blacks Dept. Store

MISSOURI
Cape Girardeau.....Kay's
Columbia.....Parks Dept. Store
Festus.....Golman's
Jefferson City.....Herman's
Kansas City.....Emery Bird Thayer
Kansas City.....Macy's
Kirkwood.....Florence Dress Shop
Springfield.....Heer's Inc.
St. Joseph...Hirsch Bros. Dry Goods Co.

MONTANA
Great Falls.....Paris Co.

NEBRASKA
Lincoln.....Gold & Co.
Omaha.....J. L. Brandeis

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord.....Britt's Dept. Store
Concord.....Emmon's

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park.....Steinbach Co.
Atlantic City.....Polly's Dress Shop
Bricktown.....Britt's Dept. Stores
Bricktown.....Steinbach Co.
Newark.....Bamberger's
New Brunswick.....P. J. Young's
Newton.....Britt's Dept. Store
Palisades Park.....Smithline's
Red Bank.....Steinbach Co.
Trenton.....Nevius-Voorhees
Union City.....Holthausen's

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque.....Fedway Stores

NEW YORK
Binghamton.....Britt's Dept. Store
Buffalo
Adam Meldrum & Anderson Co. Inc.
Elmira.....S. F. Iszard Co.
Fulton.....McDonald's
Gloversville.....Britt's Dept. Store
Jackson Heights.....Clark's
Jamaica.....B. Gertz
Jamestown.....Bigelow's
Kingston.....Wallace Co.
New York.....Macy's (and branches)
New York.....Stern's (and branches)
Niagara Falls.....Beir's
Olean.....Bradner's
Oswego.....McDonald's
Poughkeepsie.....Wallace Co.
Rochester.....E. W. Edwards
Rochester.....B. Forman
Syracuse.....Dey Bros.
Syracuse.....L. A. Witherill Co.
Utica.....Doyle-Knower Co. Inc.
Watertown.....The Globe Store
Watertown.....McDonald's

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville.....Ivey's of Ashville
Asheville.....Belk's Dept. Store
Burlington.....Belk Beck Co.
Charlotte.....Belk Bros. Co.
Durham.....Belk Leggett Co.
Elizabeth.....Belk Tyler Co.
Gastonia.....Matthews Belk Co.
Goldsboro.....Belk Tyler Co.
Graham.....Moon Fashion Shop
Greenville.....Belk Tyler Co.
Hendersonville.....Belk Simpson Co.
Hickory.....Belk Broome Co.
High Point.....Belk Beck Co.
Kinston.....Belk Tyler Co.
Raleigh.....Hudson Belk Co.
Raleigh.....Mother & Daughter Store
Rocky Mount.....Belk Tyler Co.
Salisbury.....Belk Harry Co.
Statesville.....Hines Shop
Thomasville.....Hudson Belk Co.
Wilmington.....Belk Beery Co.
Wilson.....Belk Tyler Co.
Winston Salem..Mother & Daughter Store

OHIO
Akron.....O'Neil's
Akron.....A. Polsky Co.
Barberton.....Marshall Dry Goods Co.
Bellefontaine.....Dee's
Canton.....Dee's
Chillicothe.....Schachne's
Cincinnati.....Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland.....May Co.
Cleveland.....Sterling-Lindner
Columbus.....The Fashion
Dayton.....Donenfeld's
E. Liverpool.....The Chambers Co.
Lakewood.....Nevilles
Lima.....Madison's
Portsmouth.....Marting's
Salem.....Schwartz's
Sandusky.....Josephs
Springfield.....Edward Wren Store
Springfield.....William Greene
Steubenville.....Cooper-Kline Co.
Tiffin.....Terri Tyler Shops
Toledo.....LaSalle's
Washington Court House.....Craig's
Zanesville.....Orpha's

OKLAHOMA
Altus.....Randel's
Bartlesville.....M.D.'s
Muskogee.....Calhoun's
Oklahoma City.....John A. Brown Co.
Sayre.....Lawrence's
Tulsa.....Brown Dunkin

OREGON
Eugene.....Bon Marche-Russell's
Eugene.....Miller's
Klamath Falls.....Miller's
Portland.....Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown.....Zollinger Harned Co.
Altoona.....The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Baldwin....J. Porco Furs and Fashions
Butler.....A. E. Troutman's
Camp Hill.....Schleisner's
Germantown.....George Allen Inc.
Harrisburg.....Fellers
Lancaster.....Garvin's
Lansford.....J. C. Bright Co.
Leighton.....Bright Stores Inc.
Levittown.....Pomeroy's
Lock Haven.....Luria's
McKeesport.....Immel's Inc.
New Castle.....Troutman's
Norristown...Chatlin's Dept. Store, Inc.
Philadelphia.....Gimbels
Pittsburgh.....Gimbels
Reading.....Tersuhow's
Scranton.....Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Wilkes Barre...Fowler Dick and Walker
Wilkes Barre.....Pomeroy's
Williamsport.....Britt's Dept. Store
York.....P. Wiest's Sons

RHODE ISLAND
Providence.....Gladding's
Woonsocket.....McCarthy's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson.....Gallant-Beck Co.
Columbia.....Belk's Dept. Store
Florence.....Belk's Dept. Store
Greenville.....Belk Simpson Co.
Greenwood.....Belk's Dept. Store
Sumter.....The Capitol

SOUTH DAKOTA
Mitchell....Geyerman's of Mitchell, Inc.
Rapid City...Donaldson's—Golden Rule

TENNESSEE
Bristol.....H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga.....Loveman's, Inc.
Knoxville.....Miller's
Memphis.....Goldsmith's
Nashville.....Harvey's

TEXAS
Amarillo.....Fedway Stores
Angleton.....Brockman's
Austin.....Beall Brothers, Inc.
Beaumont...White House Dry Goods Co.
Corpus Christi.....Lichtenstein's
Dallas.....Sanger Harris
El Paso.....Del Norte Dept. Store
Ft. Worth.....Leonard's
Galveston.....Schwartz's
Groves.....Dryden's
Houston.....Joske's
Laredo.....Hachar's
Odessa.....Fashion Center
San Antonio.....The Fashion
San Antonio.....Joske's
San Antonio.....Carl's
Wichita Falls.....Fedway Store

UTAH
Salt Lake City.....The Paris Co.

VIRGINIA
Bristol.....Park-Belk Co.
Danville.....Belk Leggett Co.
Hampton.....Leggetts
Lynchburg.....Leggetts
Newport News.....Leggetts
Norfolk.....Snyders
Norfolk.....Sanfred's
Norton.....Mary's Style Shop
Portsmouth.....Leggetts
Roanoke.....Leggetts
Rocky Mount.....Leggetts
Suffolk.....Leggetts
Winchester.....Leggetts

WASHINGTON
Everett.....Chaffee's
Longview.....Britt's Dept. Store
Olympia.....Proffitt's
Seattle.....Frederick & Nelson
Spokane
The Crescent (Spokane Dry Goods)
Walla Walla.....Bon Marche
Yakima.....Bon Marche

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley.....Georges Fashions
Charleston.....Embees
Fairmont.....Jones Inc.
Huntington.....Anderson-Newcomb
Oak Hill.....Georges Fashions

WISCONSIN
Appleton.....Gloudsmans Co. Inc.
Fond du Lac.....Merwin's, Inc.
LaCrosse.....Herberger's
Madison....Emporium of Madison, Inc.
Madison.....Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Milwaukee.....Gimbel-Schuster

Earthlings, beware...

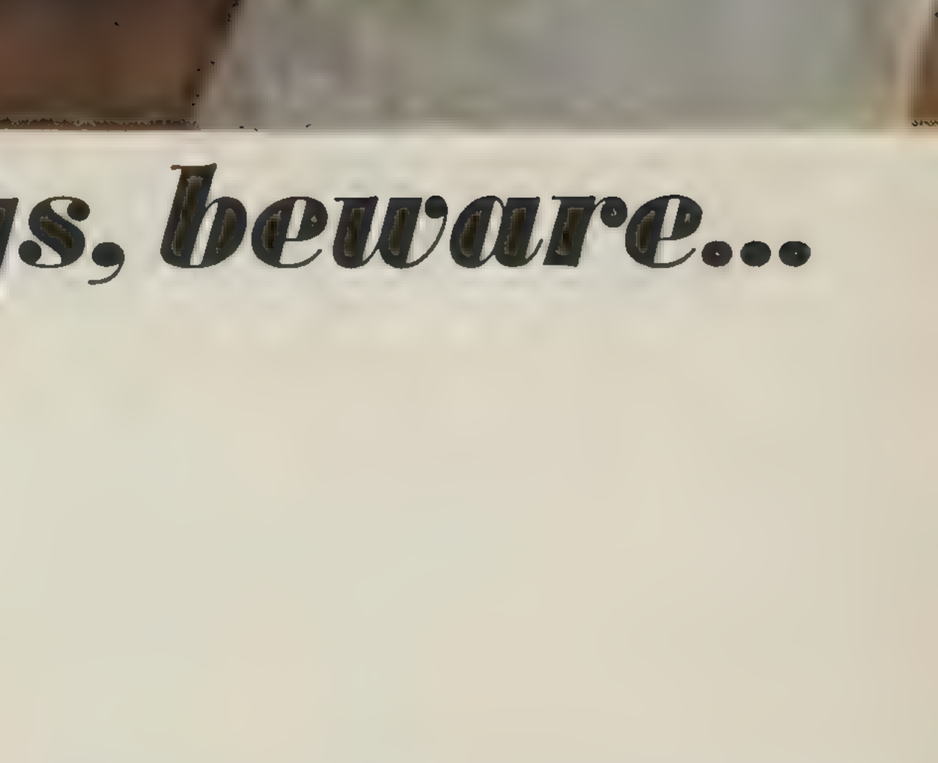
The Moon Babies make the scene and every mortal man gets their message. It's all done with E.S.P. ... Extra-Silvery Pales, made with Clairol's extra-special magic: lip colors to go with each hair color!



The Blonde Moon Baby makes silver reign. The streak of lightning on her lips is Extra-Silvery Lilac. Prediction: showers of compliments.



The Redheaded Moon Baby makes ships come in. The spell she's casting off with is Extra-Silvery Orange ... a moon-struck melon for sun-struck redheads.



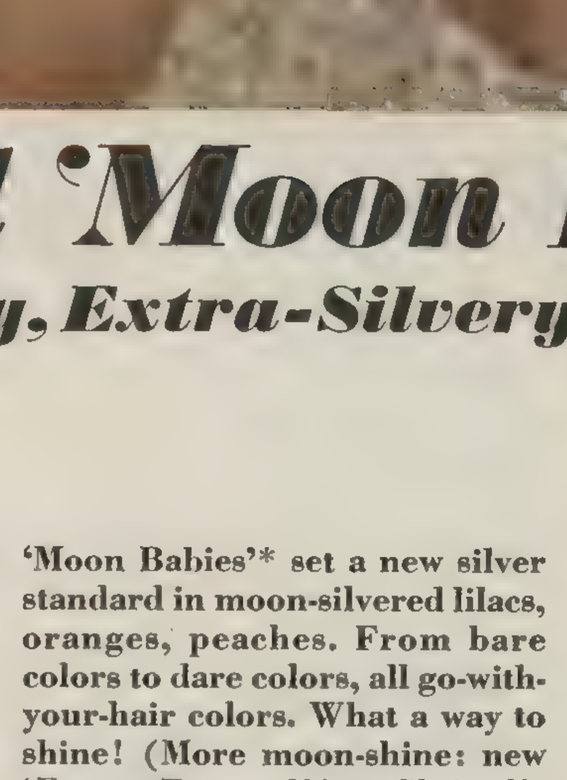
Clairol 'Moon Babies' are here!

Extra-Sensory, Extra-Silvery, Extra-Sizzly Pales for lips and nails

The Brunette Moon Baby holds back the dawn. Her source of sorcery: Extra-Silvery Peach... a new hot peach chilled with silver-shine, just for brunettes.

'Moon Babies'* set a new silver standard in moon-silvered lilacs, oranges, peaches. From bare colors to dare colors, all go-with-your-hair colors. What a way to shine! (More moon-shine: new 'Extra-Frosted'*... Clairol's extra-silvery nail colors!)





Taking off and taking over: New silver-sizzled pales with a sheen never seen on Earth before. (If things are a little great this year, blame Clairol!)

'Moon Babies'* by Clairol

*TM © Clairol Inc. 1966

Voilà! The Celanese Paris Couture Collection, in the season's sumptuous fabrics.

The pride of the Paris originals, precisely re-enacted in bodiful fabrics with all the beauty Celanese fibers impart. You'll cherish them in the season's inspired shades. Fashions from about $90 to about $125.

Far left: Dior's great dinner dress falls A-shaped, banded in lace. The fabric, a petit point of Arnel triacetate and cotton.
Left: Yves St. Laurent shapes a middy dress straight and narrow, with welt seaming. In satin-back crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.
Center: Ricci's three piece costume with a draped overblouse. In satin-back crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.
Right: Castillo's stark-front silhouette with floating panel back. In satin-back crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.

BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York, N.Y.
BOSTON STORE, Milwaukee, Wisc.
BULLOCK'S—DOWNTOWN, L. A., Calif.
BULLOCK'S, Lakewood, California
BULLOCK'S, Pasadena, California
BULLOCK'S, Santa Ana, California
BURDINE'S, Miami, Fla.
FILENE'S, Boston, Mass.
FOLEY'S, Houston, Texas
GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis, Tenn.
LAZARUS, Columbus, Ohio
RIKE'S, Dayton, Ohio
SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas, Texas
SHILLITO'S, Cincinnati, Ohio

CELANESE
CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBERS

Celanese® Arnel®







FAMOUS LABELS





Neiman-Marcus is esteemed for the rare good taste of everything offered by this fabulous store. J & B is esteemed in scotch — for a rare flavour that sets it apart.



J & B Rare is shipped by the historic English house of Justerini & Brooks whose books of account show the names of many distinguished patrons, including the immortal Charles Dickens. Your good taste is in good company when you pour J & B.

The others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

Play life on a working ship

Since Joseph Conrad went to sea and wrote about merchant ships, the fascinations of sailing aboard freighters haven't changed. Slipping in and out of ports, loading and unloading cargo, the excitement remains, only the name has changed—"Action Cruises" is what Grace Line calls the voyages of their slick, mechanized fleet of passenger and freight carriers sailing to South America. "*Not* freighters," the man at Grace said firmly.

Passengers leaving on a twenty-six-day cruise from Port Newark, New Jersey, board unfettered by weight limitations. They bring books and books, typewriters, L.P.'s, cameras, binoculars, golf clubs, fishing tackle, everything. Women even bring hair dryers. They pack all summer things—plus a coat and a raincoat.

Life aboard is thoroughly air-conditioned for the one hundred passengers, the more than one hundred officers and crew, and for the four thousand tons of cargo carried in holds which resemble honeycombs.

Although travelling on a working ship, passengers have the pleasure of living in attractive quarters rising like a small, comfortable hotel plumb in the centre of the ship. No tight schedules aboard: room service around-the-clock; breakfast served until 9:30; lunch in the bright window-walled dining room or by the pool; dinner around seven, plus the traditional elevenses and afternoon tea wherever people happen to be. Good hi-fi gets turned on when people want it. Irresistible at night, outdoor movies—the best seats are on the Club Deck verandah.

The purser arranges for the land excursions. In addition, because there is no beauty salon on these ships, he will, with advance notice, arrange for a local hairdresser to come aboard while the ship is in port. Men go ashore to barbershops.

Most often, the ship arrives in ports at dawn and passengers awaken to find extraordinary views a gangplank distance away. On the eight-hour trip through the Panama Canal, a daylight spectacular begins at lunchtime and runs through dinner, when the floodlit canal remains bright. A running commentary explains the locks, the parrots, and the alligators (or their tracks).

Although the ship repeats ports of call on the southbound and northbound itineraries, passengers' activities do not. For instance, the first time around at Buenaventura, Colombia's port on the Pacific, people stay aboard and folk dancers board and perform. On the return trip, travellers have time to drive to Cali, a cool city in green plains circled by mountains.

On the home stretch, ships tie up for about two days at Ecuador's Puerto Maritimo, Guayaquil's new port, mainly to load bananas. Passengers take off: some choose deep-sea fishing; others fly to Quito; some golf, and some just stay on the ship. Inevitable clue to the Guayaquil call, the huge stems of bananas placed around the ship for passengers to pick, bananas served instead of rice and potatoes, and small, sweet pineapples sliced like melons.

At the turn-around port, Callao, in Peru, where the ship remains for three days, active sightseers fly to the great Inca cities of Cuzco and Machu Picchu.

About how much: From now until June 7, round-trip boat fare for each of two persons sharing a double stateroom with a shower, $755; same arrangement but with a bath, $1,135. Shore trips are extra. Experienced ocean voyagers tip weekly; total tips usually add up to about 10% of the fare.

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L. to R.: 21" Weekender $32.50, Beauty Case $29.50, 26" Pullman $47.50, Handi-Tote $25.00. Ladies' cases in Onyx Black, Mojave Beige, Florentine Red, Flemish Blue and Aspen Green. Men's cases in Onyx Black and Spanish Olive Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217. Available at all fine department and specialty stores

Our informals are for inviting, wishing, greeting in an impressively personal way.

Informals speak of happy doings and warm relationships. They carry invitations to parties, and bring back the answers. They go with gifts, make introductions, extend congratulations, and say "I'm thinking of you" when time is of the essence.

Crane informals, while expressing your thoughtfulness briefly, also do it beautifully. They have an out-of-the-ordinary look and feel. That's because we start with paper of 100% rag to achieve textures that are notably luxurious.

So you're sure to be pleased, we make them in several weights and finishes, in ecruwhite and naturel. A handsome engraving is the final personal touch.

We've created some new ideas in informals, too—truly delightful contemporaries. Each of these carries a small but dashing design—an owl, a Napoleonic bee or a ladybug—placed to brighten the end of your message. And their envelopes are blithely lined.

Your Crane dealer will be happy to help you select your informals and the engraving. He's an authority on paper "etiquette," too. The one to consult about formal invitations, announcements, paper trousseau. And he has gift ideas: boxed sets of Crane paper and envelopes for under $5. Crane & Co., Dalton, Mass.

Crane's
FINE PAPERS





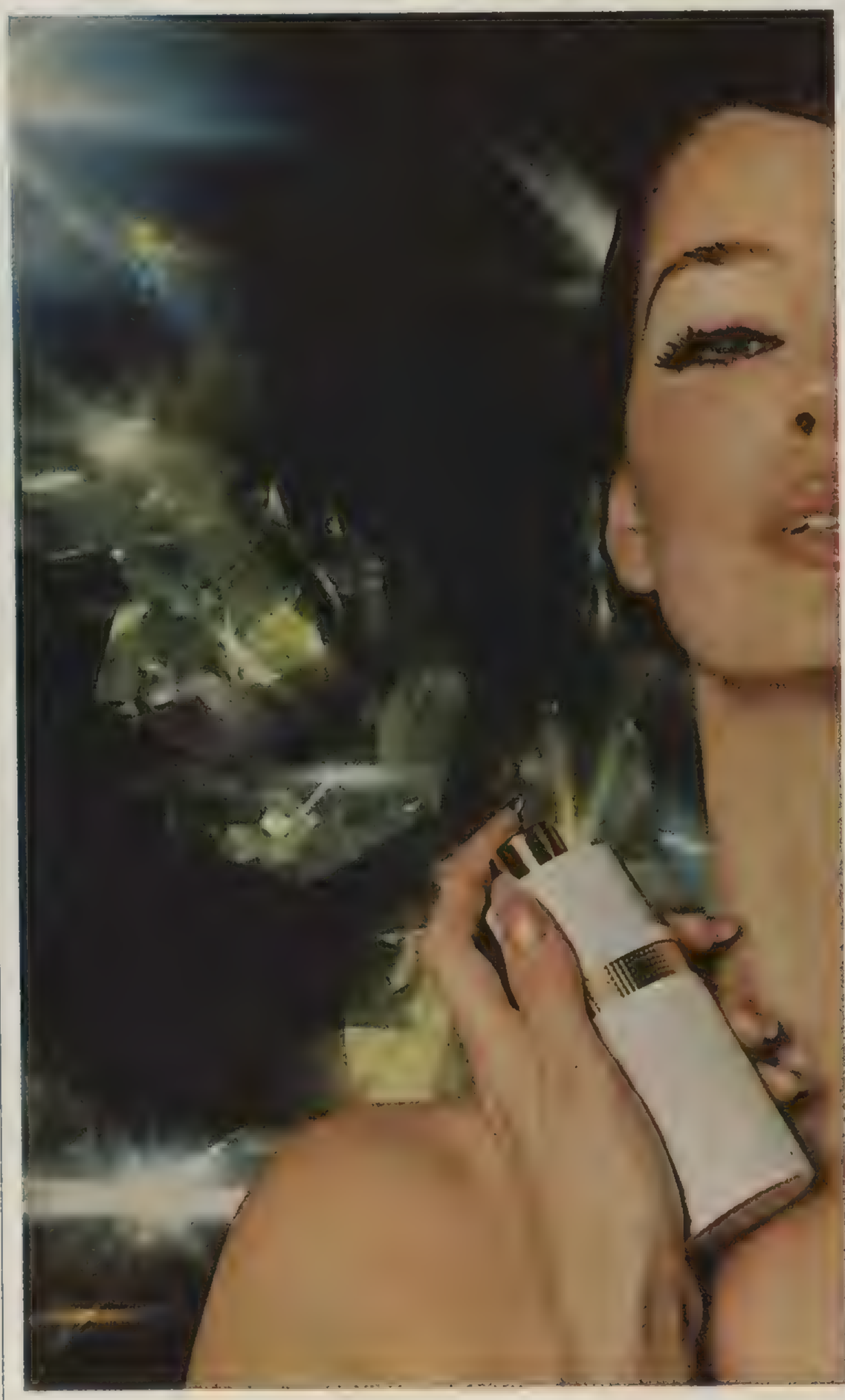
*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

WILROY
the colorful way of life

Sizzling here, a pair of **BAN-LON®** brilliants. Go jet or go Jaguar with aplomb. Pack handkerchief-small, unpack wrinkle-free, bathe in a washbasin, dry in minutes. For weight-watchers: WILROYS weigh just 3 ounces each! Sizes 6 to 18. Flounced hem about $30; Shirtwaist about $35.

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TO SUMMON A MAN, PUSH THIS BUTTON



CAPRICCI
EAU DE TOILETTE SPRAY
THE JEWEL OF FRAGRANCES
BY NINA RICCI, PARIS
in a chic white push-button flacon, 2 ozs., $6.50; refill, $5.50

Best summer looks

White takes all

White, white, everything white—
this is one way to swing it
for a summer day. Easy little suit,
all cropped sleeves and pleats . . .
enormous straw cartwheel . . . short kidskin gloves . . .
and bare, strippy slippers.
More white—and a dash of black—
squared away at the ear.
Off-white suit by Fred Rothschild,
of Avisco rayon (Bloomsberg fabric).
About $30. At Altman's; J. W. Robinson.
Hat by Mr. John. Shoes by Capezio.
Earrings by Kenneth Lane. Gloves by Kislav.





Snap-up black and white

Take swirls of black and white,
take summer, and take off—
in a long cotton jacket and short
flippy skirt, with a fresh-white overblouse
belted low in black leather. Suit by
David Barr for Fabiola, of Fisher & Gentile cotton.
Blouse of rayon and acetate.
About $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue;
Best's Apparel.
Bright bull's-eyes toe and heel
on black patent leather
ankle-strap slippers by Charles Jourdan.
Earrings by Paco Rabanne.
Hansen gloves. Coiffure by Ingrid of Kenneth.

TO SUMMON A MAN, PUSH THIS BUTTON



L'AIR DU TEMPS
EAU DE TOILETTE SPRAY
THE ROMANTIC FRAGRANCE
BY NINA RICCI, PARIS
In a chic white push-button flacon, 2 ozs., $6.00; refill, $5.00

Join the Trigere Cult
with the Formfit Designers Collection



Tonight...sleep chic! What's a girl like you doing in flannel pajamas? Or drip-dry shifts? Pauline Trigere sees you all dressed up to go dreaming in a technicolor gown of tone-on-tone turquoise. A dream in itself. 'A'-Shaped, free-wheeling, bikini-matched. Style 9327, P, S, M, $25 for the sheer fun of it.

The Formfit Designers Collection®

HENRI BENDEL

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

And now ... all through the house

One of these days, this situation might take place. Struck by a familiar scent that pleasantly pervades a house you are happy to find yourself in, you track it down. Locate it in a discreet corner of the study in the form of an olive-green pottery urn, very generously filled with an oatmeal-coloured wax candle, the heat of its wick inciting the fragrance within the wax to rise . . . and shine. The scent: Estée Lauder's clear-clean-smelling Youth-Dew, an admired scent that has characterized many Lauder beauty aids for years and now is reaching into the house, to which it happens to lend itself quite uniquely. Interestingly, more and more cosmetics houses are getting house-conscious. And since a confirmed Youth-Dew addict can't seem to get enough of the stuff, Mrs. Lauder's engineering of her scent's transference into the household atmosphere appears most judicious. . . . The candle gives out potently. ("If anything's going to be *any*thing, it has to start out by being *some*thing" is the Lauder theory.) In addition to the candle, there are three other varieties of house-fragrancers. Scented drawer-liner papers in a romantic blue fleur-de-lis design. Perfumed lingerie discs, water-blue wafers to improve the ambiance of wearables in luggage, drawers, hat boxes. And a spray which, although specifically directed to closets, will, in any room or on any light bulb, attractively Dew.

Getting the vapours— the beneficial way

An important ritual in almost every professional facial treatment is: the vapours. The vapours that steam and help cleanse the skin. Another important part of almost every professional facial treatment: chilled water to wash and brighten the face and help "close" the pores at end of session. . . . Now, as daily skin care at home becomes more and more knowing and serious, it's not surprising that a gadget (gadget in the sense that it's easily operable and depends upon being plugged into an electric outlet) does the vapour-cum-chilling treatment at home. Facsorna, a Swiss-born electrical contrivance, sets out to cleanse a face deeply and ends up by not only doing this but by improving a face's psychology. . . . Perspiration—cleansing from within—is the theory. Oil and hair follicles seem to soften in the heat which produces a higher blood flow to the skin, dredging up grime and used makeup. The cold water, as we don't have to tell you, shocks the skin into good behaviour. . . . Outstanding virtue of Facsorna is that it places the face, cozily, within two or three inches of the steamer. . . . Some doctors feel it has merit for sinus conditions and colds, too. Ask your physician, as they say. . . .

Slip into something really new:

Slip away to Hawaii's outer islands. Some people call them the "outer islands". Others call them the "neighbor islands". And they're just minutes away from Honolulu and very close to paradise.

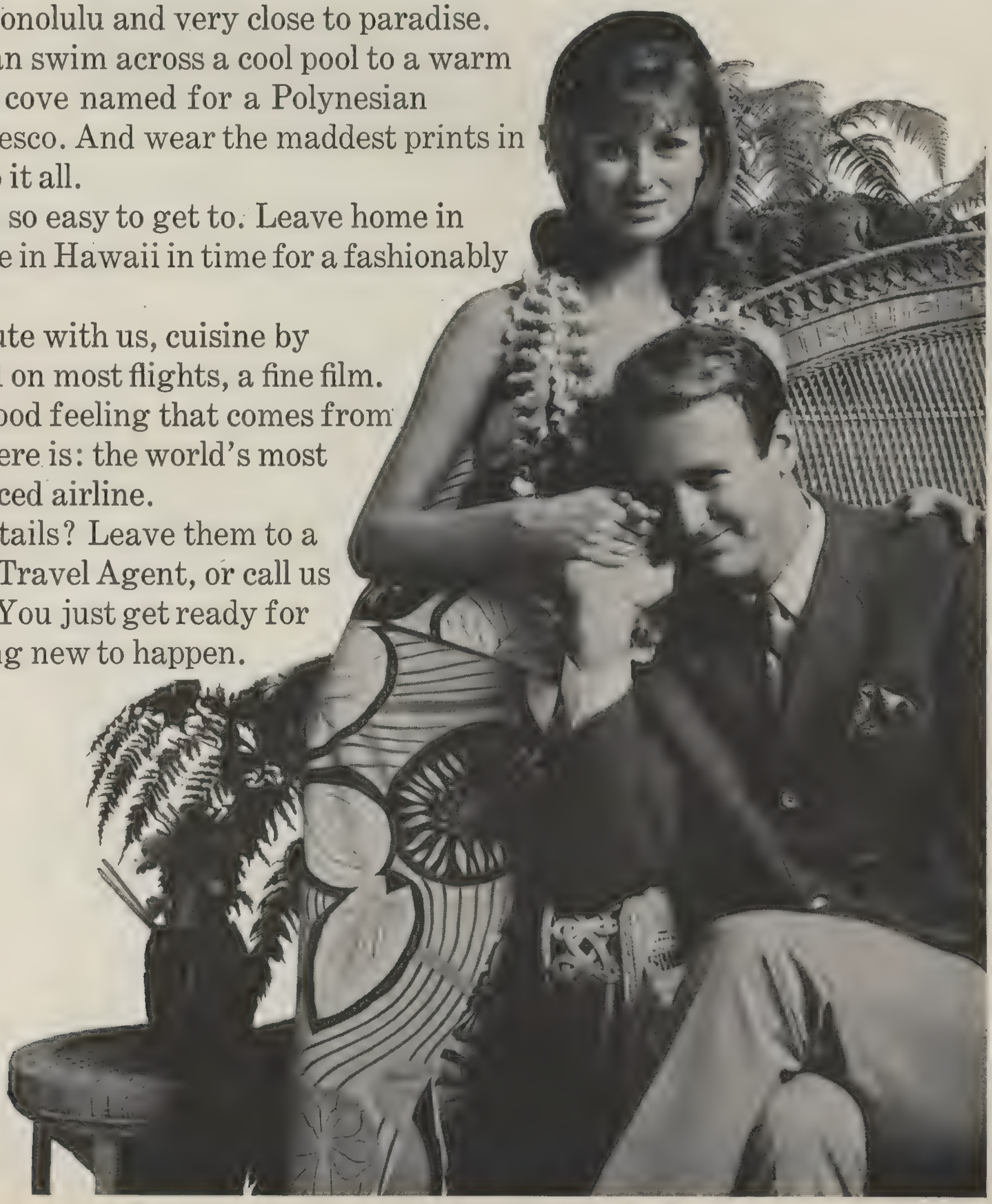
You can swim across a cool pool to a warm waterfall. Discover a cove named for a Polynesian demi-god. Dance al fresco. And wear the maddest prints in the world while you do it all.

It's all so easy to get to. Leave home in the a.m. and you can be in Hawaii in time for a fashionably late dinner in the p.m.

En route with us, cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris,* and on most flights, a fine film. And, as always, the good feeling that comes from flying the very best there is: the world's most experienced airline.

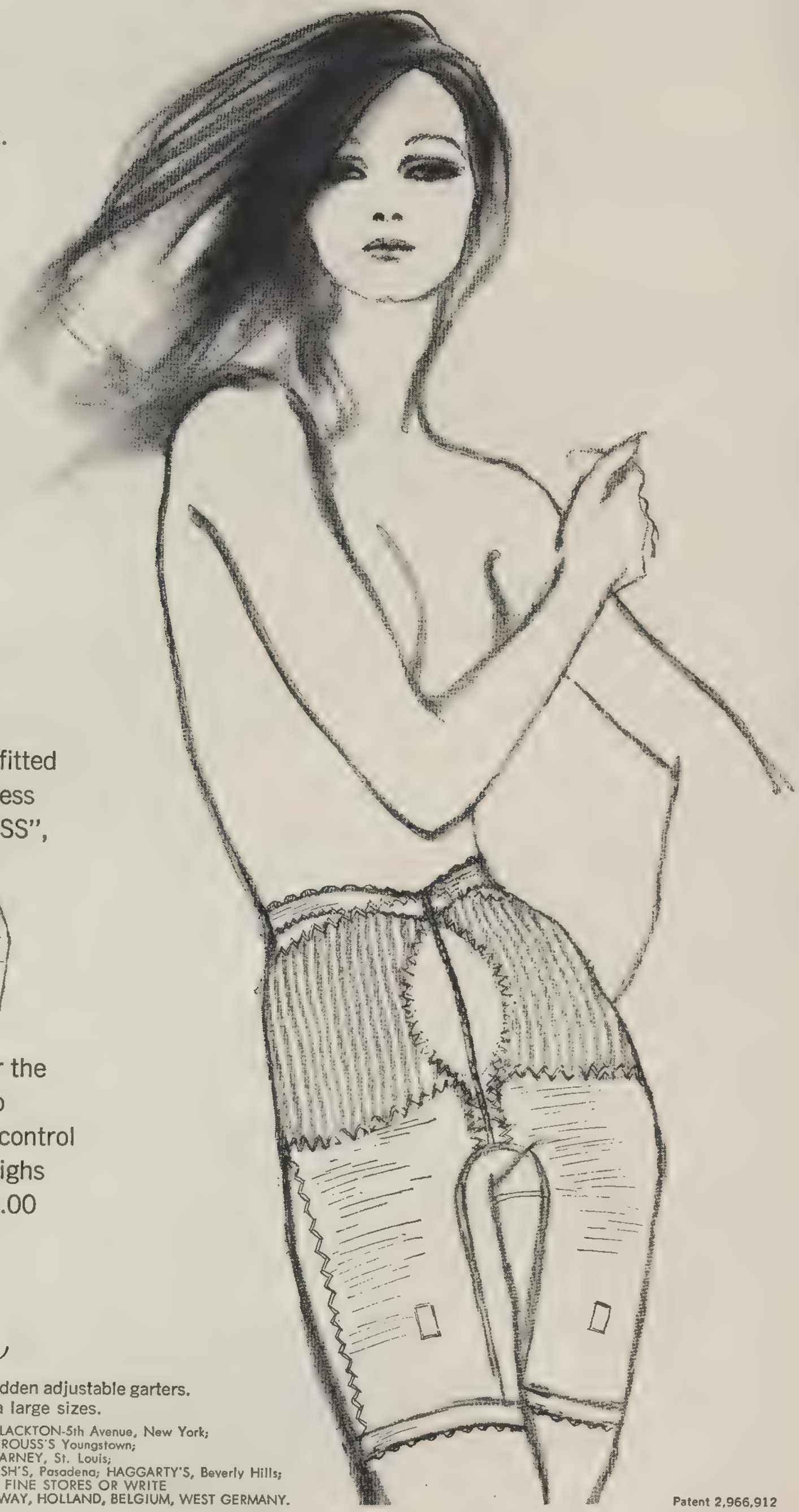
PAN AM

The details? Leave them to a Pan Am Travel Agent, or call us directly. You just get ready for something new to happen.



Don't peep, Tom!

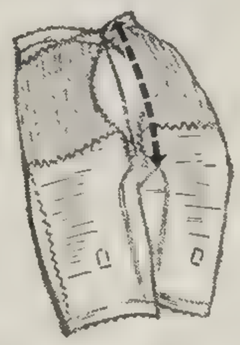
This ad is strictly for the ladies.
It explains why FORTUNA "SUCCESS"
fits like no other girdle.
Because of its delicate nature, this ad
should be read only by members of the feminine sex.



Now Ladies

...about your figure. You must realize it's not perfect. "Perfect" doesn't exist. Every figure is different. That's why many of you suffer rolling at the waist (girdle too long) or sagging below the belly-button (girdle too short). Reason is poor vertical fit. Anyone can be fitted properly from hip to hip. But, unless you've worn FORTUNA "SUCCESS", chances are you've never been fitted properly from waist to crotch. That's the secret. Waist to crotch. It's the way custom corsetieres measure girdles. The way FORTUNA measures them. The only accurate way.







And it's so easy to prove. Ask for the "Success" that's size-AND-torso proportioned for you with artful control panels that persuade tummy, thighs and fanny to behave. Pantie $13.00 Girdle $11.00

Success® by fortuna

In lightweight DuPont Lycra® Spandex and Nylon. White or black with hidden adjustable garters.
Short, average or long torso lengths in small, medium, large and extra large sizes.

AT ALL STORES OF: ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Brooklyn; ARNOLD CONSTABLE, New York; BLACKTON-5th Avenue, New York; B. GERTZ, Jamaica; D.M. READ, Bridgeport; ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON, Buffalo; STROUSS'S Youngstown; WM. H. BLOCK, Indianapolis; CAIN-SLOAN CO., Nashville; SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY, St. Louis; DONALDSON'S GOLDEN RULE, Minneapolis-St. Paul; TITCHE-GOETTINGER, Dallas; NASH'S, Pasadena; HAGGARTY'S, Beverly Hills; BULLOCK'S-SAN FERNANDO, Sherman Oaks; H.C. CAPWELL CO., Oakland AND OTHER FINE STORES OR WRITE FORTUNA FOUNDATIONS, INC., 34 W. 33rd St., N.Y. 10001 • CANADA, SWEDEN, NORWAY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, WEST GERMANY.

Patent 2,966,912



this is just one
of the many beautiful new ways
you can wear your hair if you rely on
the skill of your professional hairdresser and

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HELENE CURTIS—WHERE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG IDEAS BEGIN.

Sarong just invented the first panty girdle that's not just a "girdle with legs"

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Sarong just invented the first panty girdle that's not just a "girdle with legs."

What you've been calling a panty girdle isn't! It's just a girdle plus two legs connected in the middle.

So-Freee is different. The legs are *not* connected in the middle. It's *not* designed in one continuous line from leg to leg. Each leg moves separately, freely. *So there's no ride. No bind. No pinch. No pull.*

So-Freee: sheer spandex put together a brand-new way. With bias panels in front for control. Bias panels in back for curves. Between the two, a new kind of comfort. Enjoy it.

sarong so-freee*

You don't know what panty girdle enjoyment is until you wear *So-Freee*.

spandex
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All Elastic: Nylon, Spandex, Acetate.

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SELBY

Fifth Avenues®

You'll live in these shoes this spring!

The heels are fashion's favorite height. And yours, too! The detail is contemporary. Their spring coloring fresh and versatile. And they feel as light and lively as they look . . . with Selby Fifth Avenues' famous cushioned ease! Top to bottom: High Towers, Mirage, Cameo. About $16. Other Selby Fifth Avenues styles about $15 to $17. Slightly higher in the West.

For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. V-46-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.

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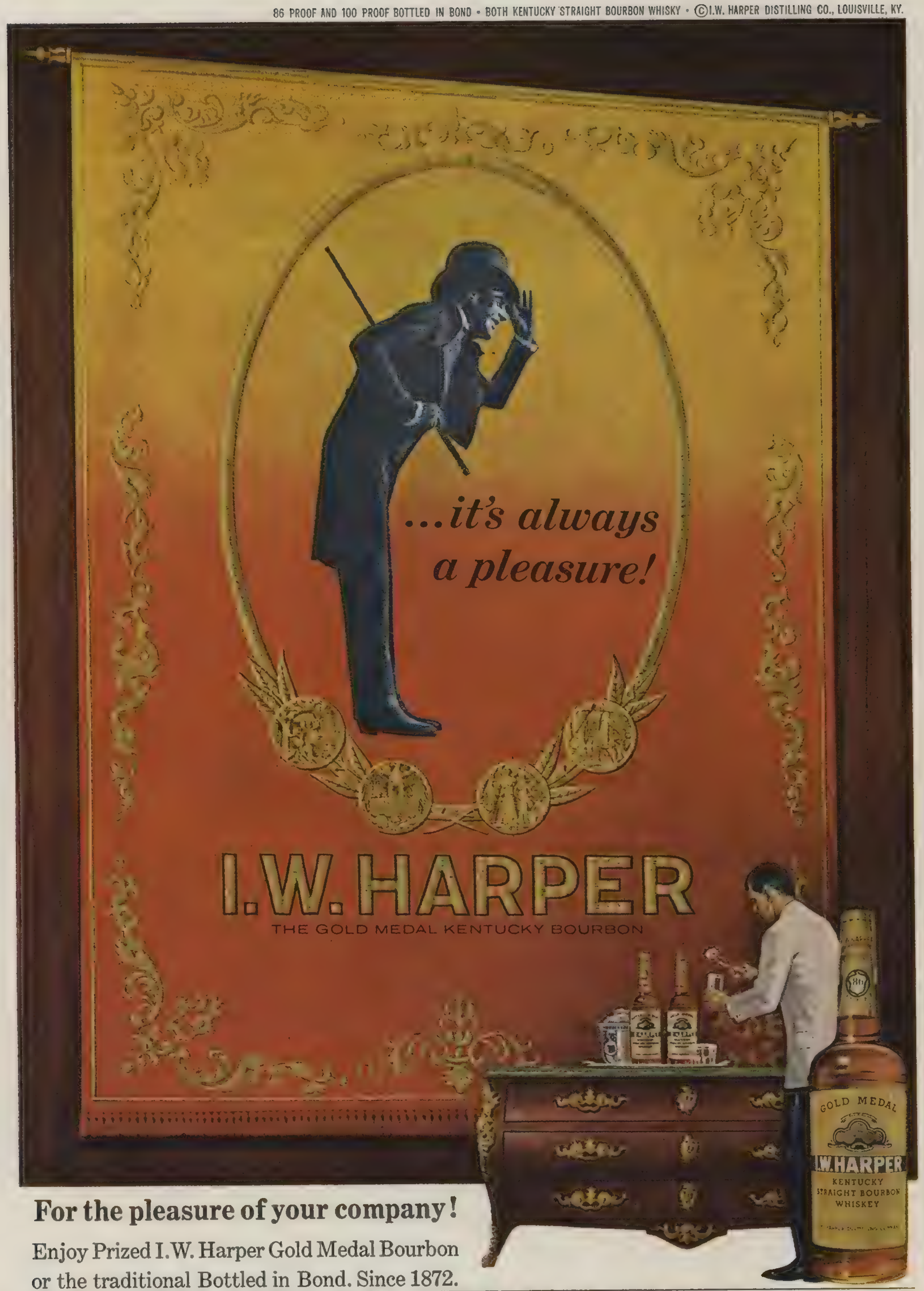
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

How to calm down the hair-ways

Little girl had too many little curls—right in the middle of her head, as well as throughout her entire hair situation. Very inconvenient. Not conducive at all to sleek coifs. Ironing hair helped only temporarily. Setting hair on elephantine rollers and tin cans didn't work out at all. . . . Little girl filled with happiness now because Prom Cosmetics has arrived at an eminently suitable remedy. An "at-home" kit. Handles anything from a small cowlick to a massive over-curly problem; any*body* from three to three hundred. . . . Rescue technique in question bears name of Curl Free Natural-Curl Relaxer, and its mission is to smooth out your hair with great simplicity and at your convenience. However many hairs you would have go straight—a tumble of curls or one diminutive stray, this promises to be a tranquillizing agent.

Neat pair, joined up

The tidy cologne spray that travels well is perhaps one of the most comforting companions, next to money, in a purse —or in luggage. So those who hanker after Ambush, that orchid plus rose plus citrus scent of Dana's, will be pleased to know that it has been put up in a small spray cologne and havened in a new polished pink case. All this and something else, too: the cologne's shipmate in its new vessel is a friendly, flower-fresh deodorant, also in spray form, also in Ambush, also wishing to move about with an Ambush fan.

The wand that never runs out of magic

A small complaint sometimes lodged against mascara wands is this. Since the wands themselves are usually made of a non-see-through material (gilt metal most often), it's possible to run out of gas with no notice. There's no gas gauge. And so: many houses that make the wands also make refill cartridges. Did you know that? And if you did, do you keep refills at the ready? . . . In surveying some of the American-made makeup Europeans seem to like (see Beauty Tips to Travellers, April 1 issue of Vogue), we spoke of a mascara wand that has a fairly unique refill approach—but didn't name its name. It's Brushmatic, the wand by Aida Grey, which is packaged *with* a plump little tube of refill juice. Miles and miles of lash-darkening. No chance of running out of the stuff on the road. Refuelling right on hand.



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Sudden refresher: Two parts crisp **Dacron®** Polyester cotton pique, one part **Dacron®** Polyester/cotton sheer dot. White/black or white/brown. 3-15.
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

April 15

How to re-train your looks in one gruelling week

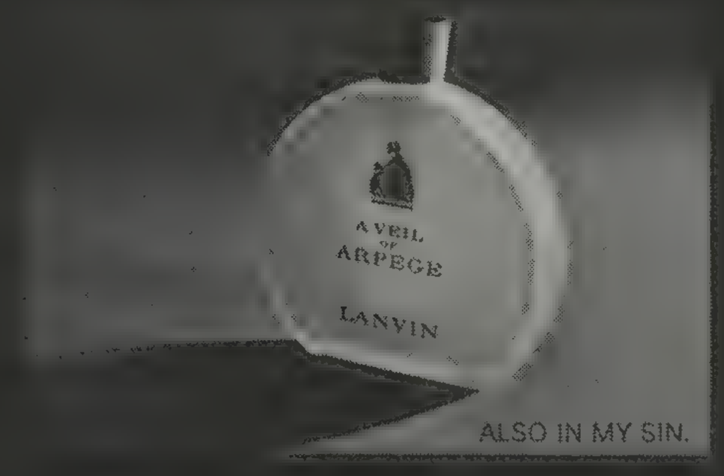
Gruelling? We're lying in our teeth, of course. How can anyone exaggerate so? What's gruelling—if you please—about a week that schedules this sort of thing: marvellous body massages administered by a masseuse whose mother's first words to her must have been: "Keep quiet"? What's so gruelling about reclining on a padded reclining chaise, knees afloat on a bolster, hands and feet encased in some sort of paraffin-plus and mittened in heated mittens, while a blissful, butterfly-touch facial treatment goes on, fragrant masque follows fragrant masque, and the chaise does Magic Fingers on one's backbone? What's so gruelling about floating by the hour in a deliciously heated swimming pool whose heat comes from the heart of the earth in a rush of natural generosity, and bears along with it all kinds of valuable mineral extras? And the pool attendant rushes to your side with stacks of big white towels, an ashtray if you smoke, a fresh bathing cap if you've forgotten yours—and does a fast disappearing act if you seem dreamy-sleepy? What's so ghastly, so hard to take, about a smiling waiter appropriately named Angel who says, "You would like———?" and goes on to show immense concern about whether you *would* like, or *did* like, or would *like* to like some appetizing little extra portion of fresh papaya with more homemade low-cal sherbet? What's unbearable about having a room so fresh you think you'd better do your house over the minute you get home, all in Porthault (and why not a Porthault-linen rug for a change)? What's so awful about being babied, rocked, told what to do when, and watched meanwhile by a bemused and gentle physician whose expression suggests he must have been the grandfather of all owls? And what's so gruelling about being *in jail* with a batch of remarkably cheery jailbirds who have, even as you, committed themselves to several days, or a week, or *several* weeks of health-and-looks improvement, and whose camaraderie is such that no one asks any direct personal questions such as: "What are you doing here; who are you; hmmmmm?" . . . This is what's so gruelling about the lotus-eating, lettuce-eating program just begun by Anne-Marie Bennstrom within the Palm Springs Spa in the California desert, and of which we complain so bitterly: you work like a dog. You *work* at staying with a program designed specifically for your needs. You *work* your muscles and your physical capacities as they've never been worked before. (You're weighed in each day when you join the group for breakfast in their special dining room. Teacher's watching—and she may raise heaven knows what if you're not showing the progress she expects of you.) And, of course, if you've always believed you're just too sensitive, too high-strung to sleep (sign of a superior intellect, of course), there's this: you have to work at the maintenance of your image. Because some time after dinner, you return to your room, open the window to the fresh desert air, and—face aglow, brow smooth, body ringing with health, nerves seemingly encased in silk, you sleep like a stone. Most humiliating. . . . All this awfulness is unique. There is nothing like it in the world. Nothing of its size (program accommodations for four hundred, eventually). Nothing of its scope (men and women of all ages, singles or pairs). Nothing of its watchfulness (it has a live-in physician and registered nurse and at present a special staff of seventy which supplements the Spa's longstanding staff of what seems to be hundreds). And nothing, if you're inclined to break down the cost of individual services, that quite compares economically. For example: you can check into the Spa as a loner who wants to go on the Bennstrom program for a week. Everything included, meals, room, facial treatments, massages, coiffure, pedicure, manicure, makeup, physical checkup, sauna, inhalation rooms, whirly baths, mineral (Continued on page 160)

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VOGUE'S

The head-turning première and ball, in New York, for "Doctor Zhivago"

Out of the spotlights, champagne, and spectaculars of a season certain ones take—and hold—the mind. A corker in the recent go-round of parties in New York was the première of the film *Doctor Zhivago*, and the Pink Champagne Gala Ball afterwards. The movie, as anyone west of Block Island knows by now, is big, beautiful. So was the crowd. But it was the women who caught the evening and made it memorable: They were, not to mince it, a gathering of some of the most appealing, head-turning women in the world. After the movie, at the ball and midnight-supper party to benefit

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5

NOTEBOOK

the Will Rogers Memorial Fund, there was no elaborate entertainment, no blither of decorations. With the guests, entertainment and decoration came built in.

1. Miss Julie Christie. 2. Mr. David Lean, director of *Doctor Zhivago*. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Terry Bicknell (she is Rita Tushingham). 4. Mr. and Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest. 5. Signor Carlo Ponti and Miss Sophia Loren arriving at the theatre. 6. Miss Geraldine Chaplin and Count Vega del Ren. 7. Mr. Omar Sharif and Miss Ina Balin. 8. Mr. Tom Courtenay. 9. Mrs. Herbert Scheftel and Mr. René Tixier.



6



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9



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See store list on page 159.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

Hostile Witness, "*a kind of distinction*"

Some of my colleagues were exceedingly harsh in their comments on the performance given by Mr. Ray Milland in *Hostile Witness*, the British courtroom drama. It was suggested that he was not at home on the stage, and that while he was facing the audience he was merely an automaton doing what he had been told to do by his experienced director, Mr. Reginald Denham. This seems to me to be unjust, since Mr. Milland can not have needed a coach to tell him how to play the rôle of Ray Milland, which he has filled with grace, and even a kind of distinction, in over a hundred and twenty movies. Mr. Denham would, indeed, have been committing a grave error if he had tried to show Mr. Milland how to transform himself into Simon Crawford, Q.C., and how to make the audience share his anxieties and sweat with him as he fights to clear himself of a charge of murder. The large potential audience for *Hostile Witness* does not care a button for the imaginary Simon Crawford and does not wish to sweat with anxiety. It wishes to be amused, and by Mr. Milland. So there he is on the stage of The Music Box theatre, a curmudgeon who wears his heart of gold upon his sleeve, and with whom the audience can empathize to its heart's content while the playwright, Mr. Jack Roffey, gets him into a mess of trouble and out of it again while honouring all the conventions of this most rigidly conventional of dramatic forms.

Where's Daddy?

"*the maternal instinct in men*"

Of Mr. William Inge's comedy *Where's Daddy?* there is much to be said. The trouble, from a critic's point of view, is that most of it should properly be addressed to him privately by his analyst, if he has one, or by some close friend of his family.

One comment that can be made legitimately is that Mr. Inge has made a mistake at the beginning of his second act when he requires one of his characters to recite a lengthy speech from *Othello*. This character is played by that excellent actor Robert Hooks who rises to the occasion with evident enjoyment and relief. It is something of a letdown for him, and for, at any rate, a section of his audience, when he has to revert to the rôle of the obligatory blackamoor—that sympathetic Negro friend of the white male lead who has to be worked into every contemporary middlebrow play, regardless of rhyme or reason, as evidence of the author's right thinking on The Question. As soon as Mr. Hooks has spoken his first few lines it is evident to the meanest intelligence that he is there of right as an actor who knows his job. When, later on, he is required to utter speeches demonstrating that he, too, though black, is a man and a brother, and that he has feelings like the rest of us, it is hard not to feel that Mr. Inge is wasting his time and ours.

This is, however, a side issue. The comedy's main concern is with the beauty of the maternal instinct in men, the exquisite sufferings they experience as it wakens in them, and the well-known inability of women to fulfill more than the purely mechanical aspects of the mother's rôle. While Mr. Inge is playing this nonsense for laughs his comedy is genuinely funny, and is made to seem funnier than it is by Mr. Hiram Sherman. But seriousness, alas, is Mr. Inge's aim, and for much of the evening we are munching on the dry bread of profound truths about this and that, which are no better for being neither profound nor true, and which kill his comedy stone-dead.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Earthly Paradise, an Autobiography of Colette, "*Almost everything . . . shines*"

Robert Phelps has taken Colette's books about her life and arranged them with other writings, with letters, essays, casual reminiscences, and given us a large book which he calls *Earthly Paradise, an Autobiography of Colette* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). It is an arrangement, in the sense of a flower arrangement—things are placed for effect. One may not be entirely happy about the breaking up of *Sido, La Maison de Claudine,* and *Mes Apprentissages;* yet, to have them along with so many things new to most of us makes for an intensely interesting book.

Colette's presence is hypnotic; one can hardly think of her except in her own images. Purity, proportion, love of nature, and tolerance for mankind are the special qualities of her fiction. Her joy in the senses, the months in the country with every flower and the freshness of each morning noted, her apartments in the Palais-Royal—this life, undarkened by frenzy or pride, was lived "naturally," as it were, without exaggeration. It was built on toil.

Almost everything in this anthology shines. On the murderer Landru: "I searched those deeply socketed eyes in vain for a trace of human cruelty, for they were not human. They were the eyes of a bird." On her memory of Proust: "When I saw him again in the Ritz Hotel, where he lived during the war, his illness and the passing years had already done their swift work on him. . . . The expression of the white, crumpled shirt front, and the convulsions of his tie terrified me as much as the black marks under his eyes and around his mouth, the sooty, telltale traces that an absent-minded malady had smeared haphazardly across his face. The same solicitude and the same courteous manner, both of which he retained throughout his life, still accompanied all his gestures and all his words, like morbid relics of his early youth."

We note that Colette is not in competition with her subjects, either in insistence of style or in straining for oddity of impression. She is very cool and precise and the most feminine of the French and English novelists, more feminine than Jane Austen, Virginia Woolf, or Katherine Anne Porter. Perhaps this quality comes from Colette's special saturation in her gardens, her animals, and, above all, her stories of lovers—the way in which she seems to surrender to them. She loves the soil and she knows the world, that long-ago, show-business Paris world. André Gide thought she was perfect in her art and yet somewhat contaminated by the demi-monde set of "Monsieur Willy," her first husband. This contamination may indeed exist in her, but it serves her work, giving to the courtesy and symmetry something shrewd and calculating that brings life.

There is every sort of Colette in *Earthly Paradise:* the child, the writer, the business woman with her "Institut de Beauté," and, at the last, the very old lady with her pillows and her needlework. It is a peculiar triumph for those who eat and drink and puff and lounge to live to a great age and there was something defiant in her calm endurance. She wrote near the end with so much humility: "It has taken me a great deal of time to scratch out forty or so books. So many hours that could have been used to travel, for idle strolls, for reading, even for indulging a feminine and healthy coquetry." And so, for all Colette's valiant luxury and the intensity of her gifts, "earthly paradise" is the proper phrase for her life because it suggests the special devotions of a nun.

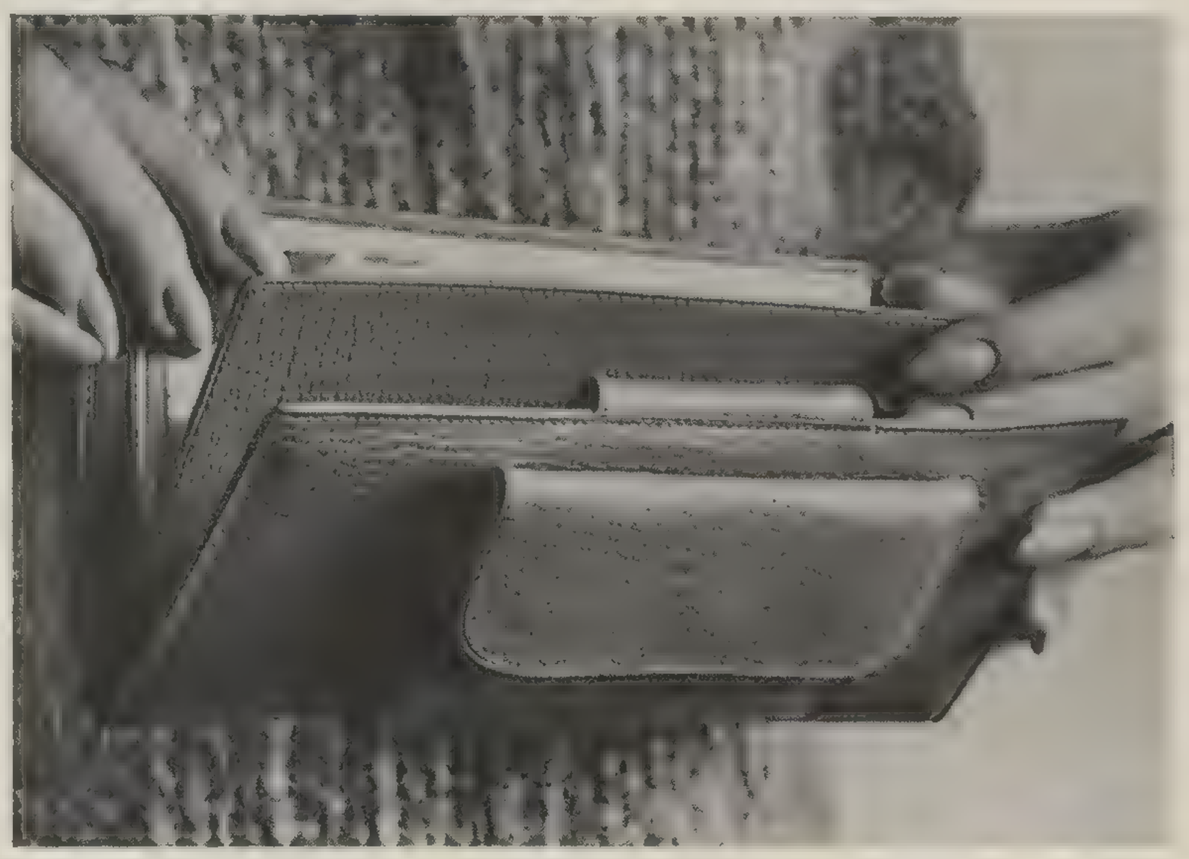


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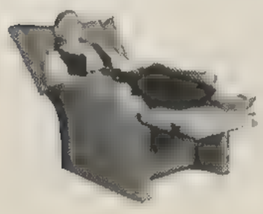
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

The Group, "*the domino theory of lost virginity*"

It's not often that the same set of characters suffers at an author's hand twice, once in the book and once in the movies, but this is what has happened with *The Group.* Only, in Mary McCarthy's novel the girls were made unpleasant in eight different ways, and in the screenplay by Sidney Buchman they tend to be simple-minded. Consequently, we now have a beautiful, blond Kay, so good-natured she unwittingly turns all satiric barbs into blunted arrows; a Libby who dimples and burbles away her rôle as class bitch; a plain Polly who wanders around like a bewildered Heidi with her braids coiled over her ears; and a Lakey who is more stunning than Sapphic under her expensive veiling. In fact, they're a bunch of swingers, these girls. Can they have bothered their heads about *any* college, much less Vassar, and in 1933?

As a kind of token tribute to the Great Depression, there are occasional references to Roosevelt, a glimpse of an NRA poster, and a man interrupting a party with a news flash about Hitler. Otherwise, costumes and hairstyles fluctuate so wildly that at times half of the Group looks like the other half's mother. Or maybe, since the plainer girls gravitate toward the thirties, and the beautiful ones toward the sixties, there is some principle of personal hygiene involved. In any case, since this is a sexual and not a political history, we see one after another of the girls being unbuttoned (except for Libby, who is ripped at), and then pushed down on a bed—the domino theory of lost virginity, perhaps. From here it's an easy escalation to wife beating, mental hospitals, and senseless death. As in the novel, the last gloating joke is on Kay at her funeral—with its gruesome chitchat about how the girls should dress her corpse and whether to open her coffin—followed by the ultimate revelation that Lakey, loveliest and most intelligent of them all, is, and always has been, a pervert.

Surprisingly, the director Sidney Lumet manages to elicit several triumphant moments from his cast. Larry Hagman as Kay's husband is very good, over and above one's natural sympathy for him and all the other men involved. So is Elizabeth Hartman as the tormented young nursing mother. And, most astonishingly, Joan Hackett takes one of the silliest episodes in the book, the one about Dottie Renfrew and her birth control device, and turns it into a memorable portrait of young femininity. But luminous and joyful as Miss Hackett's performance is, its effect is only to cast a harsher shadow over the rest of the picture.

Born Free, "*passionately guttural duet*"

Happily, *Born Free,* another entry in the feline division, does rather better with the real animal kingdom. Direct, simple, charming, it is the true story of a lioness raised in captivity, who must be taught to "go wild" (which, ironically, includes killing to eat and falling in love) so that she can survive as a free creature in the African jungle. Elsa, the subject of the original biography, is the heroine of the movie, too, and there are wonderful scenes showing her sucking her first drop of milk from a human thumb, returning bruised and bleeding from her first encounter with the wild, and engaging in a passionately guttural duet with a potential lover who is sunning himself under a tree. But Virginia McKenna, as Joy Adamson, the Englishwoman who raised Elsa and wrote about it, and Bill Travers, as her husband George, are excellent too and treat the animals around them with just the right mixture of affection and respect.

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JACK ROBINSON

Jane Barry is the wife of John—London's hippy movie-music man. Jane is also adorable—the kind of luminous, long-haired, long-legged beauty who makes boutique maestros shower praises. "Wait until you see her!" Maxine Leighton cabled from London, "She's SOOPA!" Maxine Leighton's London boutique is where Jane found her black pleated chiffon (above left). Serendipity 3, here, is where the navy-and-white pinstripe voile came from (above). And when Mrs. Barry dashes up Fifth Avenue to meet John and the waiting taxi (above), she wears Leighton's plum twill pantsuit with its nifty longer jacket. . . .

The canine-captured.



Buster is a tyrant. He loves to bark the commands. He sees himself as a Prussian prince. . . .



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Acapulco: What does everyone do there?



CATERINE MILINAIRE

When they're not walking around in their flippers (see glorious Veruschka playing frog, above top), they go downtown to the street market, buy huge loaves of loofah from the sponge heaps stacked everywhere. Then, maybe they take a yard or two of some fabric they've liked but never known what in the world to do with, and pop it into one of Acapulco's half-dozen or so shops that specialize in one-day dressmaking (bikini action, especially good). Then, they saunter around. Mimi Vignos and Minnie Cushing sauntered this way recently: Mimi in her all-pink St. Tropez rig, jeans and poor boy; Minnie in Pucci colours—turquoise, sky blue, purple. Then Minnie stopped lunchtime traffic at La Concha beach in her trig little blue-and-navy bikini. . . . That's what they do in Acapulco.

Boutiquing with—say the Blue People of the Zagora village in Morocco; or in Zihuatanejo, Mexico; or on the Greek volcanic island of Santorini (possibly the original site of Atlantis); or in the Indian hill town of Simla. . . . Arranging all this seems a mere bagatelle to the swingers who operate Ports of Call travel agency. Located at Saks Fifth Avenue, third floor, 611 Fifth Avenue. . . . ***Seeing in the rain:*** Very convenient, the portholes of clear plastic strategically set in a white vinyl umbrella. $7. Main floor Rain Boutique, Altman's, 5th Avenue at 34th Street. . . . ***Jax is two-faced*** when it comes to clothes. For the gamin side: there's now an oversized "Our Gang" cap in fabrics to match their famous straight pants. $15. For the "I-don't-know-I-look-sexy-I-just-thought-this-was-so-pretty" side, there's the Josephinian slip of crinkly daffodil-yellow sheer cotton, just a wisp over the bosom, low in back and under the arms, clinging with shoestring straps. To the ankles, $75. Or can be ordered above the knee, $50. Jax, 7 West 57th Street. . . .

DAYS OF SUN AND ROSES



DOROTHY COX DESIGNS . . . two superb silks to summer in. Left: CHINA ROSE . . . the porcelain look in a pure silk sleeveless dress, boldly flowered. In pink or blue on white, about $55. Right: SUMMERTIME . . . the scoop neck, yoked shift in pure silk linen—a weightless, wonderful way to look. In pink, leaf green and turquoise, about $40. Both in sizes 8 to 20.

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IN THE TANNER MANNER



AVEDON

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

who's a breakaway?

The girl you see right here, for one....Mia Farrow, the twenty-one-year-old who lights up TV's *Peyton Place.* Her looks are all Breakaway—the slender length of throat, rash haircut, pierced ears, and something lithe and vulnerable about her shoulders. This is the way she *happens* to look; her hair *happens* to be short because that's the way she wants it now; the next Breakaway you see may want hers long and straight and blowy....That's what makes a Breakaway. They're the girls who look like the Generation as opposed to the Establishment. One look today; a new kick tomorrow. Spot them by their Zingo factor, their gay and touching young arrogance—who else is knock-out-pretty in a vinyl suit, a zany little hip-skirt whacked off six inches above the knee? Nobody. This is the Breakaways' own—the charm they invented along with the restless beat of their dances, their songs, their new wall of sound. It's all theirs....Mia Farrow wears the look for Vogue on the ten pages that follow here.

Cool and young and pretty in the contrary unprettied way of the Generation; a Breakaway's Breakaway—that's Mia Farrow, you might say in the first thirty seconds. And you wouldn't quite be getting the message. As one woman of wide experience and no mean intelligence put it, "She has the wonderful looks of the modern girl but not all the tiresome talk of youth... she listens a great deal and talks quite little. She's incredibly sensible, and with all her gentleness and sweetness, she has a normal worldliness."

To interviewers she prefers to talk even less—"I'm a very private person." She puts it straight, almost without rancour, and without losing the charm of her easy, bred-in-the-bone good manners. But after two years as a Name on TV's *Peyton Place*, with four big movies slated to start this summer, she's feeling the sweet pull of stardust: "I always wanted to act, but I didn't want to say so. I wanted to do something that counted, that meant something. Now I can't even refuse an autograph, because I think by God! I can finally do something that means something to other people. That's a nice feeling."

The breaks began three years ago when her mother, Maureen O'Sullivan, was appearing in the play, *Never Too Late*, and the girl who understudied her stage daughter took Mia with her to an audition for an off-Broadway production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The upshot—in no-business-like-show-business tradition—was that Mia Farrow read a few lines, then did Cecily in the tea party scene, and got the part. ("It was literally the first time I ever set foot on a stage.") Enter, a few nights later, Man from Twentieth-Century Fox—incognito. Heard soon after: ringing of pay telephone backstage. If she could do an American accent as well as she was doing high-comedy British....

She could. And that's how Mia Farrow came to *Peyton Place*. "I'm sort of a believer in fates," she explained recently on the set of P.P. "I'd thought about a stage career, but I decided if the pilot show of *Peyton Place* was meant to sell, I was meant to do the show."...There it was: the canvas-backed Hollywood chair marked MIA FARROW. There it was again: her secretary and her cat, a sleepy white mop named Malcolm with his own leopard-spotted chair. And a melee of more than sixty actors, technicians, production people, all dominated by the ponderous mechanism of the camera. The essence of the scene in progress stacked up as four nice kids being miserable at the corner table of a discothèque—Allison Mackenzie (that's Mia), her beau Rodney, and their friends Norman and Rita who are teen-aged though married. Natalie Wood's sister, Lana, playing a baby vamp, was giving Rodney the one-two-three play for romance, and, well, as somebody explained, "It's one of your usual Peyton-Place-type scenes."

One take lasted for perhaps twelve bars of frug and monkey, six lines of dialogue; then break and repeat, break and repeat, a tedious ritual that goes on from eight A.M. to after six, five days a week. There's an easy give-and-take among the hard-core regulars at which Mia Farrow is so good you might say she exploits the technique. After a particularly complex set of instructions from the director, she played back in small, dewily *intime* tones, "And then we walk out of the shot like a dream... float out. Okay, Maestro?" They floated out, and she talked about what it was like to be Allison Mackenzie: "I have no real technique. I rely mainly on instinct, and when I believe in things I do them better. There have been moments *I'm proud of*....I created a whole being for Allison and I can feel things for her without knowing why. I know how she reacts. The other day we had a new director who wanted me to take my date's arm—well, *me*, I'd take anybody's arm, but I knew Allison couldn't do that in front of her mother."

Walter Doniger, who was not the director in question but has been a *Peyton Place* director since he reshot the original pilot, confessed later that she's quite often right about these nuances. "She knows how to use herself to an exquisite degree," he said with conviction. "You know, the most important thing you do is what you do when you're not doing anything. When she has a silent thing, she still transmits emotion. And another thing, she's a representative of her time; all the good ones are—they represent either the fantasies or the realities of their era." Carried away to greater heights, he plunged all the way: "She's almost a female Billy Budd."... Leland Hayward, a man who has mastered the art of fast telephone repartee with such economy that three syllables are an extravaganza, raps it out this way: "Nice girl. I think she'll be a star."

MIA FARROW *wears breakaway fashion*

ON THE NEXT PAGES

AVEDON





X marks the bodice, above: marigold knit snipped away at the armhole. Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear; Herdmans linen and acetate. About $60. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Orange and plum band the rib cage, right: halter-cling of thin towelling. Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort; Stehli Arnel and nylon. Junior sizes. About $30. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Burdine's.

AVEDON

Mia Farrow–
breakaway



Split of chiffon, left: half shock-pink, half apple green—a little bit of a thing dancing away from cutaway shoulders. Dress and stole by Joel Schumacher for Mam'selle; Onondaga silk. Junior sizes. About $75. Henri Bendel; Bramson; Hovland-Swanson; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Mia through the looking glass, right, in a storybook dress of white lace ruffles and piqué embroidery hung up on tiny string straps. By Anthony L. Muto for Devonshire, of cotton lace and cotton piqué. About $65. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field; Joske's, Houston.

AYEDON



Mia Farrow
breakaway



Flowers to frug in, above: a smidge of blooming-blue cotton voile, sashed high across the bosom and tied in back. Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort; Soptra fabric. Junior sizes. About $30. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Frost Bros. Mia sitting pretty, right, in a diaphanous white organdie smocked smock no bigger than a minute... an adorable look for the beach or small evenings at home. By Sportwhirl, of cotton organdie. About $15. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz.

AVEDON

Mia Farrow
breakaway



The sun also rises, above left: a ball of fiery orange on a lavender pants-suit with stripes around the legs. Levino Verna for Glenora; Courtauld's rayon (Charter fabric). Top, about $11; pants, about $9. Junior sizes. Macy's; Famous-Barr. Knickers for kicks, centre left, and a battle jacket, too—chrome-yellow cotton duck banded in red; underneath, a shock-of-green ribbed cotton T-shirt. By Cynthia Sobel for Jr. Scene; Cone cotton. About $40. Franklin Simon; Himelhoch's. The knit that goes all to pieces, below left: marigold top with buttoned-on straps, hip skirt with a buttoned-on purple T-panel that reverses to marigold. Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia; rayon-and-cotton jersey. Top, about $20; skirt, $25. The "plumber's suit," opposite: Mia Farrow's name for the jump-in overalls she adored. Burnt-orange corduroy with wide shoulder straps that cross and button in back—hammer and saw not included. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier, of cotton corduroy (Crompton fabric). About $40. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz.

AVEDON

VOGUE, April 15, 1966



Mia Farrow-
breakaway



THE WIDE WONDERFUL WHIRLS OF balenciaga

WILLIAM KLEIN



Balenciaga's superb flight of navy, opposite springing away from small, flat shoulders—widened tailoring at its best, full of easy luxury and beautiful to move in....Seven-eighths coat cut entirely on the bias in navy-blue stretch wool, fastened with tiny golden buttons and worn over a narrow white linen dress with a navy Breton. Coat: Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. The perfect summer evening dress, left, loose and floaty, with an abandon of ruffles blowing at the slightest stir....Sheer grass-green marquisette gathered on a strapless bodice; falling straight and full to the knee in front, to the floor in back...bared shoulders and arms showing through a diaphanous matching cape, deeply flounced. Worn with moon-drop earrings, green silk slippers. Dress and cape, at I. Magnin.



WHITE, WHITE,
WHITE AT
givenchy

WILLIAM KLEIN

The wide white coat, half-belted, opposite page: Givenchy's big one—bulk at the top, bulk through the back, and a deep inverted pleat swinging under a slacked button-down martingale. In a dry, firm wool gabardine, with a yoked, double-breasted front and low-set flapped pockets....Here—and throughout the collection—the look of a small, closely hatted head, and this season's great white Givenchy surprise: fishnet stockings, plus the laced Oxfords he calls "visiting nurse shoes."...In America, the coat is at I. Magnin. Narrow white, belted all around, right: Impeccable little nine-tenths coat held just above the waist by a white kidskin belt, with white kidskin buttons shining cleanly against the white white wool—down the front, on the pocket flaps, on the tab-cuffed sleeves....Shoulders rounded; slight fullness at the back; and white to beat the band—bowl-of-straw hat; kidskin gloves; fishnet stockings; low-heeled, laced suède Oxfords with pale-beige insets (these, by Mancini for Givenchy). The coat in America at Marshall Field and I. Magnin.



THE REVELATION REVOLUTION

the many new ways to dress bareness with charm

This is exposure: the dress that's more skin than fabric. The skirt that's more leg than cloth. The makeup that's more bare than there. . . . And this is what exposure has become as well: a cause célèbre. Which figures. Because never before has there been a fashion revolution so subtle and yet so pronounced; so thorough in its takeover—and yet so misunderstood. How we see it is as follows. No one has to go along with it. And, frankly, some women shouldn't try. But what has come of it so far is all to the good—much stronger bodies; much fresher, firmer skin; ultimately, perhaps, much better health. This is all—absolutely all—the revelation revolution is about: health, energy, a certain polished modernity. And good looks that come closer to being the truth. . . . Struck off at random *above* are some new lipstick colours with bearing on the bareness subject. Colours with only a flutter of colour, these shades are on the sugary side; there's no brass about them, and that's the point. They supply a delicacy that puts some extra charm on the scene—they're meant for the pretty-young-woman school of dressing. From Revlon's new Frostlings series of lipsticks—six lipsticks, three lip toners—they read (from top) this way: Mocha Mauve, Orangerine, Candied Violet. (Said the man who can speak for Revlon because he is Revlon: "These are the newest things glowing—they're for women who understand charm.") . . . Flower-printed silk dress *at right* by Trigère. Beneath it, a little bikini brief to match—not to swim in, but because flowers are pretty to dress in, all the way. Earrings by Sandor Goldberger. Costume and earrings: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Sandals by Bernardo. Nail enamel on toes and fingernails, Candied Violet—one of the several new shades that glow along with Revlon's Frostlings.





TRANSPARENT DRESSES IN THE REVELATION REVOLUTION

Short evening chiffons to float over bareness and the closest thing to it—see the next-of-skins on pages 92-93. Ivory chiffon, opposite, rippled from a low, curved back. By Dominic for Matty Talmack, of Bianchini silk chiffon; at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros. Paco Rabanne earrings at Bonwit Teller. Shoes: Saks Fifth Avenue. Reid Meredith Dynel hairpiece. Yellow chiffon, left, with a high neck, drifting back panel. By Miss Winston, of Stern & Stern silk chiffon; about $125. Schreiner earrings. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Hutzler's; Neusteters; Joseph Magnin. Both pages: Marc Sinclaire coiffures; Ariadne stockings. Papier-mâché earrings, black and white, drifting between dresses here: a cluster of orbs, a Telstar. Both by Gretchen Dow for Kramer. The orbs (top): Lord & Taylor.



LEGS AND OTHER DAZZLERS IN THE REVELATION REVOLUTION

Banana-yellow spectacular, opposite, banded in Roman stripes of beading. By Harvey Berin, of William Rose silk crêpe; about $250 at Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Fabiola earrings. Coiffure: Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon. Left of this: bar earrings, 9" long, by Gretchen Dow for Kramer. Brilliants on leggy pink organza, left, cap sleeves, shallow neck. By Malcolm Starr; about $200 at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. White and silver glitter, right, beaded on white marquisette. By Malcolm Starr; about $250 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros. Vendôme earrings. Coiffures, this page: Ingrid of Kenneth.

PENATI





It figures—this wow of an idea: perfect little nothings, slick as skin, to wear under bare or transparent dresses. Now the idea's brilliant—next-of-skins in a summer-play of bright colours. The other wows here: earrings of papier-mâché or enamel (more of these on the next-of-pages).
Bright green, of Antron nylon, Lycra tricot. By Peter Pan; $8: Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Battelstein's.
In skin-colour—for under whites or pale-pales—a next-of-skin in Lycra tricot. By Van Raalte; $10 at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field.
Bright blue, the Body Stocking of nylon and Lycra tricot, with adjustable straps. By Warner's; about $11 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's.
Earrings above, a bell-shape of papier-mâché in brown with greenish stripes; by Gretchen Dow for Kramer; at Lord & Taylor. Opposite, a wild cluster of enamelled squares in pink, purple, green, yellow. By Regina Novelty; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures: Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon, with Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.



NEXT-OF-SKINS UNDERPINNING IN THE REVELATION REVOLUTION

PENATI





BEST SUMMER LOOKS—
COOL FASHION AND THE BIG EARRING EXPLOSION

Fashions that keep their cool—fresh-cut from great fabrics that wrap up all the newest triumphs looming now: the most indefatigable blends, the cleanest textures, the clearest colours.

Big bright plaid, left, up to a little black top, a string tie. Dress by Teal Traina; of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $145 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Godchaux's; Sakowitz. Paco Rabanne earrings; at Bonwit Teller. Coiffure: Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon; Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

Lettuce-green cloqué, right, of silk and nylon, with high yoke, shirring, low flounce. A big pink flower at the front. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Royal Woolens fabric; about $160. Earrings by Laguna. All at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Sandals at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure: Alfredo of Via Veneto.

Floating earrings: Far left, a sunflower of papier-mâché; by Gretchen Dow for Kramer, at Lord & Taylor. Above, cookie-cut white plastic drops; by Castlecliff, at Bloomingdale's.



A great sprawl of swirls, left, on a slick little shape with sleeves—cotton broadcloth printed in reds, pinks, black, quilted around the hem. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne, in junior sizes (Gallery Prints Fabric); about $90. Huge hoop earrings by Robert Originals. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Pappagallo cutaway shoes. Coiffure by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.

Checks—that make a lifework of charm, right, snapped to this minute in a small pink and white shirtdress. By Nelly Don, of Dacron and cotton (Klopman fabric); about $15 at Jelleff's; Dayton's. Earrings: bright squares, by Regina Novelty. Strippy sandals: Newton Elkin.

A-line slanting up to halter armholes, right below; cotton piqué printed in dots and bands of black, red, white. By Anthony L. Muto for Devonshire; $40. Swinging white plastic earrings by Castlecliff. Both at Lord & Taylor. American Astral gloves.

Big earring, left, in explosive stripes and spots (less than life size); of papier-mâché. By Gretchen Dow. Coiffures, this page: Ingrid of Kenneth.



PENATI

BEST SUMMER LOOKS— FIGURED ON SWIRLS, CHECKS, DOTS





Cleanest break into summer—blinding white in bas relief fabrics, stark and succinct. Brocaded white, left: one swift, unbroken shaft of light. Cotton dress by Raffaele, in Herbert Meyer fabric. Delivery, end of April. About $70. Earrings by Regina Novelty. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. White textured stockings by Pierre Cardin. Eyelet brocade, above: eye-dazzle white—this summer's jacketed look in smooth rib-belted curves. Cotton suit by Jean Louis. About $225. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Regina Novelty; Kislav gloves. White-white piqué, below right: a sleeveless jacket belting down box pleats. Two-piece dress by Jeanne Essig for Majestic; Arnel, cotton, rayon by Fabritique. Top, about $12; skirt, about $13. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Hansen gloves. Ariadne stockings. Bright basketwoven white, right—fresh as painted wicker. Dress by Laurence Gross, in cotton and silk (Onondaga fabric). About $70. Paco Rabanne earrings. All, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Famous-Barr; Neiman-Marcus. Belle-Sharmeer stockings. All shoes by Charles Jourdan. All caps, képis by Anello for Emmé. Bull's-eye links, above right: black and bold on bright yellow. Papier mâché bracelet by Gretchen Dow for Kramer. Best & Co.

best summer looks
clean-carved white



BEST SUMMER LOOKS— A BOUNTY OF CHECKS

Write your own check, and cash in on this summer's double take—the jacketed look. Diamond checks, left: black, yellow, white; jacketed dress bodiced in black. By Adele Simpson; Pomezia cotton. About $160. Altman's; Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Regina Novelty earrings, at Bloomingdale's. Check stockings by Ariadne. Tattersall switch checks, below: turn-jacket-dress—brown lines on white, white on brown. By Kasper for Joan Lesile; Dacron and Avril (Cohama fabric) bonded by Coin. About $80. Delivery, end of April. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by K.J.L.: Lord & Taylor. Greta bag: Henri Bendel. This page: Kislav gloves. Dogtooth black and white, right: the jacketed look in cotton tweed; fresh white blouse. Suit by Christian Dior-New York. Regina Novelty earrings. Calderon handbag. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also L.S. Ayres; Harold's; Harzfeld's. Stockings: Belle-Sharmeer. On both pages: the caps, képis by Anello for Emme; the shoes, strapped and striped, by Charles Jourdan. Dots with dash, above right: pink-and-blue papier mâché earrings. By Gretchen Dow for Kramer. Best & Co.





PENATI



best summer looks–
a double take of
checks, dots

PENATI

Some like it square, some like it dotty—
the jacketed look taking over summer.
Blank checks, far left, drawn black
on white. Suit and white blouse by Pat
Sandler, in cotton and Celanese acetate
(Richelieu Fabrics). About $90. Saks
Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gus Mayer.
Hound's-tooth checks, left, with the
bite of black on white. Jacketed dress
by Hannah Troy, in crêpe of Swiss cotton
(Herbert Meyer fabric). About
$145. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Marvella ring.
Eye-stop dots, right: green-on-white
shifting down to white-on-green—nonstop
on a sleeveless coat, bare-square dress.
By Charles Cooper for the Consellier
Collection. About $160. At Saks
Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Frost
Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Kislav gloves.
On both pages: caps by Anello for Emme;
Regina Novelty earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Three French dimensions, above right,
black-and-white super-ring for ear,
for summer. By Paco Rabanne. Bonwit Teller.



BEST SUMMER LOOKS—
LACE AND GINGHAM
PLAYING IT FRESH

VOGUE PATTERN 6727

PENATI



VOGUE PATTERNS

White lace and pink tucks, opposite: easy yoked overblouse out on a fringe. To wear anytime—over a show of suntan and bell-bottom trousers in the pink. Vogue Pattern 6727. Samuel Ehrman cotton Venise lace: Altman's. Pants of Dacron and cotton with Zepel repeller (Cohama fabric). Having a ball: earrings by Arpad. All at Macy's. Strippy white sandals, by Capezio. Just plane geometrics, near left: papier mâché earrings swing it light, black, and white. By Gretchen Dow for Kramer. At Lord & Taylor. It's a daisy, right, blooming bright violet on a lilac-checked gingham coverup. To cover up: its own little two-piece bathing suit. Vogue Pattern 6490. Dan River cotton. Robert Originals earrings: Macy's. Coiffures by Ingrid of Kenneth. Other views, yardages, details, on page 158.

VOGUE PATTERN 6490

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The tangle and growl of politics in West Africa. . . . In Rome, the boys buying Beatle-length wigs. . . . *Wait a Minim!*, a South African entertainment which is young, happy, somewhat amusing, but always musically fresh. . . . Pier Paolo Pasolini's remarkable movie, *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, filmed in a craggy Sicilian village with Jesus played by a Spanish economics student, the Apostles by peasants, and the whole filled with angry beauty. . . . The sneak return onto some college reading-by-choice lists of *The Bible* and of anything by Kipling, the former for escape, the latter for camp.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sign on the side of a red truck owned by a New York roofing company: "See Fiedler on your roof." . . . Canadian professor Marshall McLuhan's unsettling theories about the psychic and social consequences of electronic communications, now soaking into the vernacular of United States dinner parties where more guests talk McLuhan than read McLuhan. . . . John Colicos as a madman stiffened into the posture of sanity by the word "duty" in John Arden's stern, but distracted play, *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. . . . In London, Dolly's, the darkest, loudest club this minute, with the showiest dancing, the shortest skirts, the smokiest fug, the juiciest crush.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the films of Claude Lelouch with two running: *Pour un Maillot Jaune*, a sort of documentary on the Tour de France bicycle race (in which winners wear yellow T-shirts) and *L'Amour avec des Si;* Lelouch's surest symptom of success is his audience, which seems to be all twenty years old. . . . The hoard of information packed into the exhibition, "Humanists and Builders, the Renaissance Popes as Patrons of the Arts," in Houston at the St. Thomas University art gallery. . . . *The French* by Jean-François Revel who, with a corrosive typewriter, burns down his countrymen, calling them not only war-minded but badly dressed: "The average Frenchman looks as though he were dressed in his kid brother's shirt, his late uncle's pants, and a jacket he picked up from a bench on a subway platform."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the restaurant Point Rouge with two small rooms, one flowered in reds, one vivid green hung with modern paintings, both filled with antiques of a pleasant, minor sort, all for sale. . . . In London, the success of the Hampstead Theatre Club which is run with passionate attention by James Roose-Evans who hangs his hits on shoestrings, and has moved three good plays from his small club to the West End. . . . The advertisement in the *Los Angeles Times* for "A Genuine New Revival," which read in part: "Miss Velma will descend from high out of the skies in a spaceship wearing a gold space suit and space helmet and preach her entire sermon from a spaceship, surrounded by Spacemen! Positive proof that Actual Spacemen from Mars and other Worlds have landed on earth!" . . . *Forbush and the Penguins* by Graham Billing whose novel about his study of penguins and skua gulls in the Antarctic where he lived in Shackleton's 1907 hut, alone for months there watching his dreary birds before writing this book, flickering, lyrical, squeezed, and as precise as a laundry list.

MARGUERITE DURAS, *right*, spontaneous, amusing, controversial, belongs to that small group of brilliant French writers who are also women. Since her superb screenplay for Alain Resnais's *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, she has shot to peaks as a novelist, movie writer, and journalist. This past year she swept the Paris theatre with three plays. For two, *La Musica* and *Waters and Forests*, critics called her a French Chekhov. Her third, and most significant, *Entire Days in the Trees*, is a triumphant vehicle for the great French actress, Madeleine Renaud, who plays a rich mother burning with love for a wastrel, middle-aged son. "She always adored her no-good son even when he was a child and instead of going to school spent entire days in the trees." Love veins the Duras dialogue. Lucidly, obliquely, she coils tension through silences, illuminating with fascination the ennui of her brooding, wraithy heroines. Now, there are two new Duras movies. Melina Mercouri suffers passionate alienation in *10:30 P.M. Summer*. Jeanne Moreau searches tormentedly for happiness in *The Sailor of Gibraltar*. (Duras profiles of Moreau, Bardot, and Callas have appeared in Vogue; her profile of Mercouri is on the following page.) No echo of her twisted, allusive heroines, Mme. Duras is small and round, warm and fun. She lives with her son in an old-fashioned Paris walk-up on the street linking the cafés Flore and Deux Magots, works in a beautiful mess of books and papers at a big flat-topped desk in her library. Born in 1914, the daughter of French professors in Indochina, now Vietnam, Marguerite Duras first saw Paris at seventeen when she came to take university degrees in political science and law. Gallimard published her first book in 1943, her thirteenth in 1966. (In the U. S., Grove Press publishes Duras.) Her wide, gay smile and shining eyes behind black-rimmed spectacles are seen on French television in her interview programs; her coup, a 1963 probe of Georges Figon, the cultivated con-man and mysterious suicide of *l'affaire Ben Barka* that shook France. Now at work on her sixth play, Marguerite Duras, with her quick intuition for love, knows what shocks, pleases, and pulls. All France is hooked.



MELINA MERCOURI:

"NAKED IN THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD"

BY MARGUERITE DURAS

Is she as tall as she looks? Maybe not.

The hips are narrow, the shoulders broad, the legs and arms unquestionably too long; the head is carried high. Movements are always perfect, magnificent.

A glorious woman? More: a glorious creature.

The golden rule for this figure must be a disproportion mysteriously distributed from the head to the feet. One is instantly struck by this on seeing her for the first time. And it is impossible to see her thereafter without responding anew to this regal carriage.

She is beautiful the way a youthful athlete would be considered beautiful. No question but that, in its perfection, the form is androgynous. Discrimination is operative only at the human level, but I venture no such thing with regard to Melina. She is beautiful beyond all confines, beautiful as every living form can be, in the manner of a horse or a tree or a woman.

Blonde. From under the yellow mane, the eyes look out at you—wonderful. The mouth is wide; it is also perfect. She is almost always barefoot and almost always in pants and a man's shirt. The hair dishevelled and falling over the eyes. She does not sit the way the rest of the world sits; she tucks her feet under her. Or stretches out full length. She seems always to have just come—from where? From running over hillsides or by the sea, never from the city.

There are the people she loves, and those she does not. Moving beyond the order of her acquaintance, she loves all humanity, Greece, Paris, and the theatre.

Lewis Carroll said that there is joyful laughter and amused laughter. The joyful laughter in Melina's eyes is infinitely tender. Amused laughter can with her assume fantastic proportions. Melina's exuberant laughter explodes without regard for place or present company. Wherever and before whomever, Melina's laughter snatches Melina up and carries her away, helpless and unresisting. She is not "proper," Jules Dassin says. In the official world she is uncomfortable, and accordingly plays the social game very badly. When one knows her, it is distasteful to speak of her in terms of qualities or defects. The impulse is to go straight to the core of her inner nature.

What we mean by character—the individual's attunement to his milieu—seems negligible in Melina. Between Melina's nature and the external world there seems to be—nothing. She defies psychological dissection. She is there, whole, before you, or she is not there at all. Manner, accommodation, compromise—she simply does not know what these words mean.

She is the indissoluble marriage of generosity and intelligence. Affection envelops Melina; it is offered by many people, and it is deeply felt. The sympathy she arouses extends beyond her own person: One is happy that people like her exist. One moves toward the sun; one moves toward Melina. One runs, when she stands open-armed, toward intelligence. And one feels good just to be with her, to be beside this woman without a home who needs none because, by the fact of her presence, wherever she is, is home.

"What does it mean to you? To be home?"

"I don't know. In all my life I've never known what that means. My home . . . for me home is people, not places. When I am with people I can relax with and say whatever comes into my head, then I'm home."

"But isn't there something that you can feel you miss?"

"The sea. Aside from that, nothing. I detest 'home sweet home.' 'Home sweet home' I despise—utterly."

"Don't you own anything?"

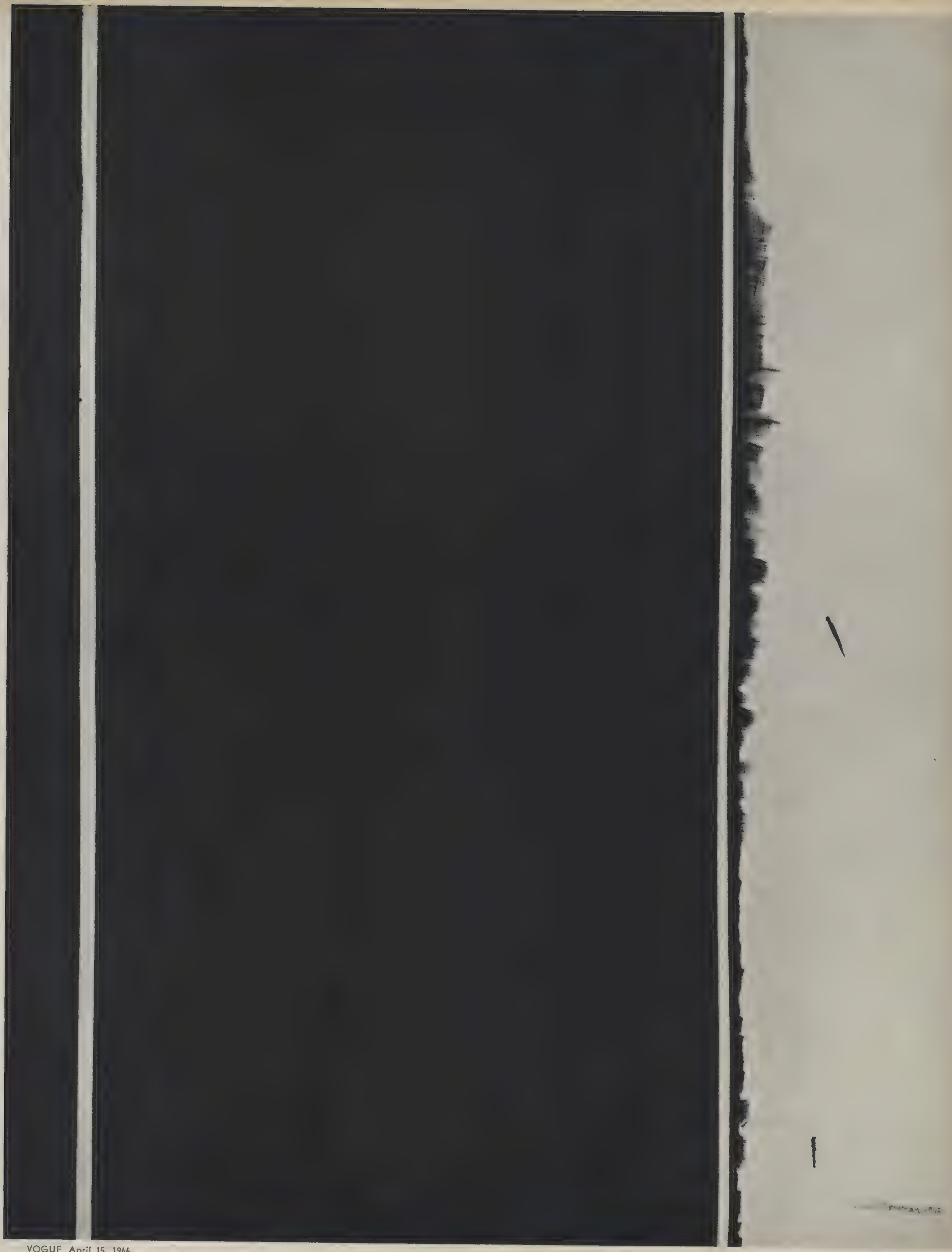
"Nothing. To own nothing is the highest kind of pride. A terrible pride, isn't it? To believe that you can do without possessions in a world where everyone is trying only to get things, have things. I had a (Continued on page 158)



PENN

BARNETT NEWMAN

Long preoccupied with the sublime in art, Barnett Newman, one of the great American painters, now has an exhibition opening on April 19 at New York's Guggenheim Museum. There he shows his fourteen Stations of the Cross with their areas of raw, unprimed canvas, all banded, but some with dry brush plumes of paint against a stripe. Dramatic, noble, large, these paintings force abstraction to its limits in order to express profound emotion. (On the opposite page, "The Stations of the Cross, No. 12," all black and white.) Recently Newman said: "I had an important subject. I had an understanding of the Passion and that the Passion, it suddenly became clear to me, was constant, that is was single, and that the agony and the glory were one. . . . I was not asked by anyone to do this. I was trying to say something about my feelings about the Passion. Actually I have done these paintings over a span of eight years. I did not do them automatically, one after another. I used to do my other paintings and I would come back to them. When there was a spontaneous urge to do them, I did them. I'm glad to see them all together." A deeply meditative man, Newman believes that his Stations form a group cry and the cry is: "Lema Sabachthani. My God, my God, why dost thou forsake me?"



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA



DASHING, CAPABLE, YOUNG

When the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and Serena Belinda Rosemary Guinness, daughter of Lady Isabel Throckmorton and Loel Guinness, were married, they brought to each other an almost unforgivable largesse of riches, land, lineage, and good looks. They have complementary natures, and in marriage a balance and interplay of relationships that is obvious, successful, and disarming.

Although he is Sheridan Frederick Terence Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, he is known as Sheridan; she is, to him, simply Lindy. She has an irresistible wanton bounty of smiles, talk, laughter. He is more conserved. He never smiles automatically. She talks gaily most of the time. He speaks slowly and seldom. "How absolutely marvellous," she says, each long-drawn-out syllable slithering around on her tongue, and he says: "Rather good."

Her most obvious physical characteristics are her huge blue eyes. When she is about to pounce on someone or some topic, she drains those eyes of expression and fills them up with everything the person is saying. This devastates some, makes others more animated. Her mouth crumbles when she is disappointed. His eyes are always guarded and his taut, lean body lapses into indolence. He never raises his voice. She squeals happily. He is twenty-eight. She is twenty-five.

Lord Dufferin was born in London in 1938, the only son of Basil, fourth Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and his wife, Maureen Guinness. His father was considered by his contemporaries to be the cleverest of them all. When he was killed in 1945, he left behind him a brilliant generation, including his great friend Lord Birkenhead, and John Betjeman, who (Continued on page 148)

OPPOSITE PAGE: LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN IN THE STOREROOM OF KASMIN, LTD., THE ADVENTUROUS ART GALLERY IN WHICH HE IS A PARTNER, LOOKING AT PRINTS BY DAVID HOCKNEY. ON THE SHELF, A PAINTING BY GILLIAN AYRES.

HENRY CLARKE



THE DISARMING LADY DUFFERIN:

"She has an irresistible bounty of smiles, talk, laughter." She has, as well, tranquillity. Lady Dufferin, at work on a painting, *above*, and, dressed for the evening, wearing the pearl choker her husband gave her for her birthday, *right*.

HENRY CLARKE

SPOT-REDUCING CHART TO END ALL SPOT-REDUCING CHARTS

However you may feel about daily exercise—love it, hate it, really mean to get with it (but tomorrow, not today), et cetera—there has to be some one form of daily exercise that will crack your case. Some system so suitable to your life, your temperament, pace, physical condition, that it can slip into the stream of your daily life without all kinds of hoohah.

There are dozens of good ways to go about getting fit. Dozens of systems from which to choose. And within each system, for the benefit of the impatient or exercise-overdue, there is some one exercise that zeros in on whatever spot needs the most work most visibly. But first you have to find the appropriate system.

To shop the systems, we went to headquarters. Went to the one place on earth where all exercise systems are studied without prejudice, tried, and when found useful, are then administered by an expert in that one field (straight calisthenics, yoga exercises, gym workout with equipment, water physiotherapy, dumbbells, you name it—each has its own qualified teacher).

The place is the new looks-retraining program opened in January this year within the established spa-hotel called Palm Springs Spa, at Palm Springs, California. The new program: powered by the celebrated Anne-Marie Bennstrom, for whom all systems are go. What a week at her mercy can do for the health and looks of anyone—man or woman, skinny or fat, all right but flabby, lethargic or vice versa—is something about which we go into detail in Beauty Checkout, this issue. Meanwhile, developed by Anne-Marie Bennstrom for anyone, anywhere, is the chart on these four pages. Programmed are seven different systems of exercise—each, sorted out for the ways in which it can firm ten different parts of the body. Look them over. And if you like their looks, see the footnotes and evaluations on page 120—these should be your shopping-guide for suitability.

BED EXERCISES

ISOMETRIC EXERCISES

STICK EXERCISES

EXERCISES WITH DUMBBELLS

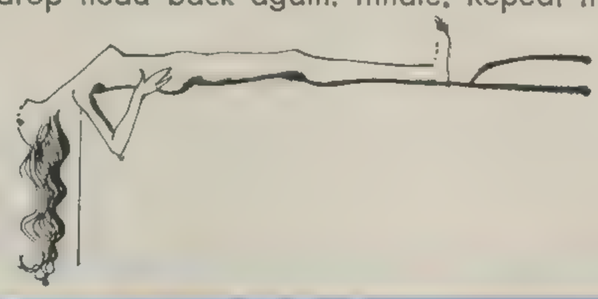
EXERCISES WITH GYM EQUIPMENT

YOGA EXERCISES

WATER EXERCISES

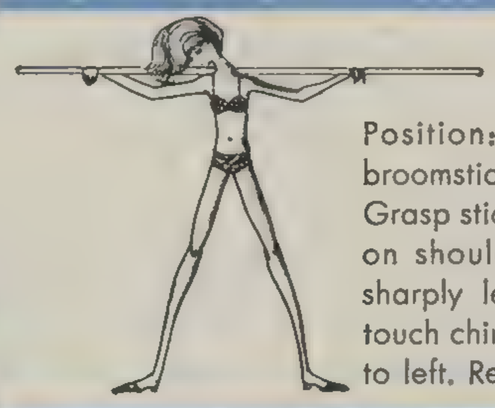
To shape throat and chin

Position: Lie on back on bed. Hang head back over foot or edge of bed. Exhale. Raise head toward chest. Then drop head back again. Inhale. Repeat this 12 times.



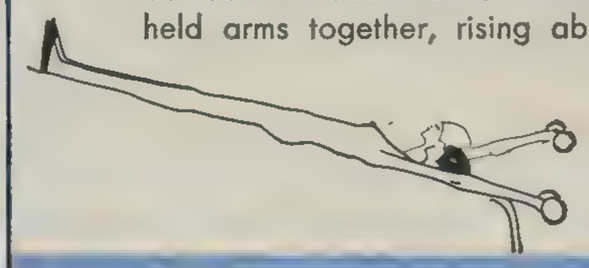


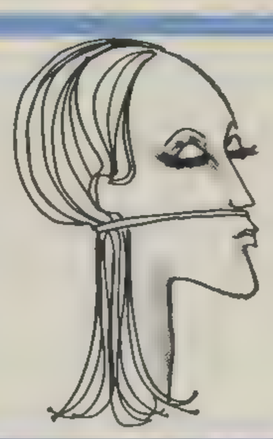
Position: Sit at table with elbows on table. Press chin down hard onto fists. Hold 6 seconds. Relax 3 seconds. Repeat 10 times. Alternate exercise: Gnash teeth, draw corners of mouth down. Hold, relax. Hold, relax.



Position: Hold smooth pole, broomstick length, on shoulders. Grasp stick near ends. Rest stick on shoulders, then turn head sharply left to right, trying to touch chin to stick. Reverse right to left. Repeat swings 15 times.

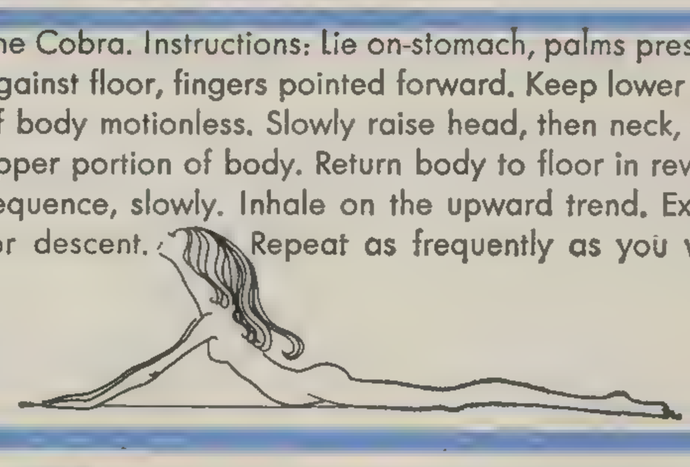
Position: Lie on slantboard, head downwards, arms stretched straight out above head, upper arms held tight against side of head. Hold 10-lb. dumbbell in each hand. Lift head and straight-held arms together, rising about 10 degrees. Relax. 10 times.

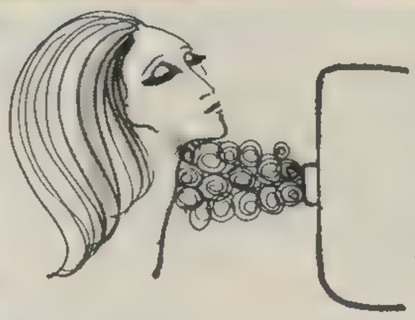




Equipment: Broad, strong rubber band. Directions: Put rubber band over head under nose and work band down to the throat without using your hands at all.

The Cobra. Instructions: Lie on-stomach, palms pressing against floor, fingers pointed forward. Keep lower part of body motionless. Slowly raise head, then neck, then upper portion of body. Return body to floor in reverse sequence, slowly. Inhale on the upward trend. Exhale for descent. Repeat as frequently as you wish.

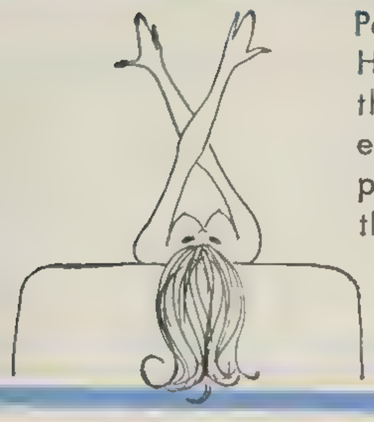




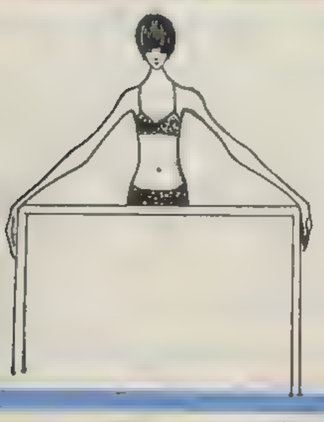
Equipment: Jacuzzi, Swirlpool, or strong shower current turned on at chin level. Lift chin. Let water strike throat and chin 5 minutes.

Developed especially for Vogue by Anne-Marie Bennstrom, director of the great new looks-retraining program at Palm Springs Spa, the chart on the pages beginning here

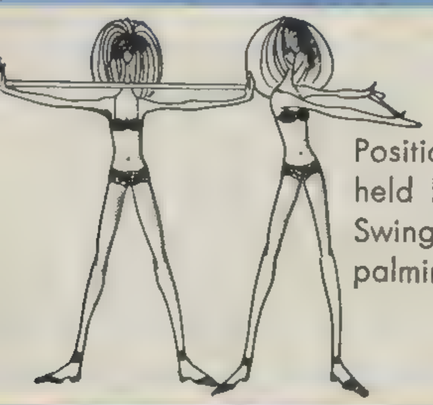
To firm chest and bosom



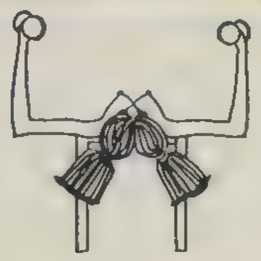
Position: Lie flat on back on bed. Hold arms out straight. Move them in a fast zigzag motion, each arm crossing the other's path. Keep arms straight throughout exercise. 10 times.



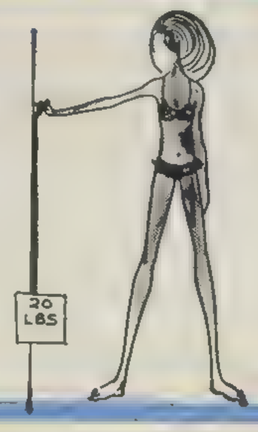
Position: Sit at square table. Clutch sides of table and press sides together, as if to squash table. Hold pressure 6 seconds, relax 3 seconds. Repeat with great fervour about 10 times.



Position: Stand with stick ends held between palms of hands. Swing arms from side to side, palming stick firmly. 20 times.

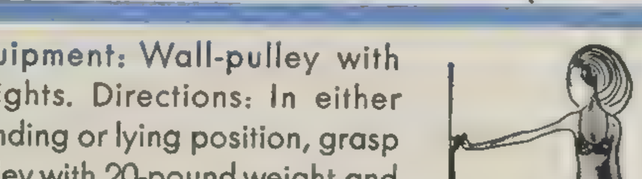


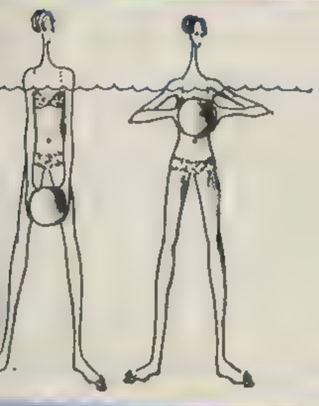
Position. Lie on back on padded bench holding 10-lb. dumbbell in each hand. Lower and raise arms 6 times, elbows bent throughout exercise. Repeat 6 times.



Equipment: Wall-pulley with weights. Directions: In either standing or lying position, grasp pulley with 20-pound weight and bring arm straight in front of body without bending elbow. Slowly release pulley to wall. Several times, each arm. You build to this, adding strength.

The Peacock. Instructions: Lie on floor, face downward. Flex elbows, point fingers towards feet. Shift weight to arms by taking feet off floor. Hold this for 5 seconds.



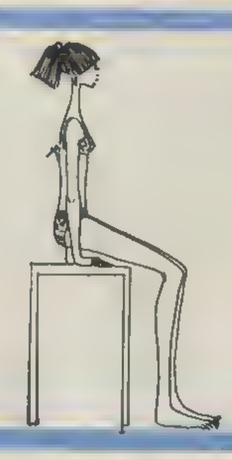


Equipment: Volley ball and pool. Squeeze volley ball between hands. Push ball down below water level, then up. Stay with the ball. Flex and stretch arms.

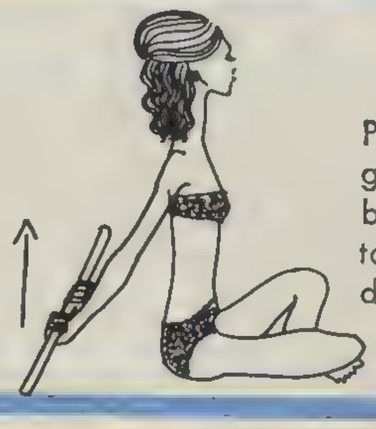
To firm backs of arms



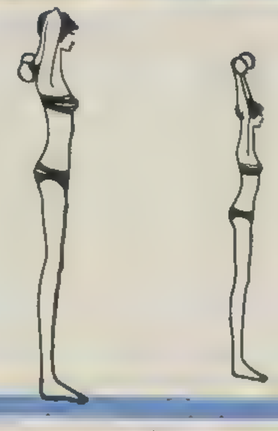
Position: Brace hands on foot of bed. Put feet flat on floor. "Sit" on nothing. Lower buttocks to floor, then rise to original position. Don't raise heels off floor at any point. Up and down 6 times.



Position: Sit on straight armless chair or hard-surfaced bench. Rest palms flat on bench, fingers pointed forward, arms straight. Lift buttocks, thighs off chair, feet off floor. Hold 6 seconds, relax 3 seconds. Repeat 6 times.



Position: In seated position, grasp stick with palms up behind back, hands close together on stick. Push stick directly up and down 30 times.

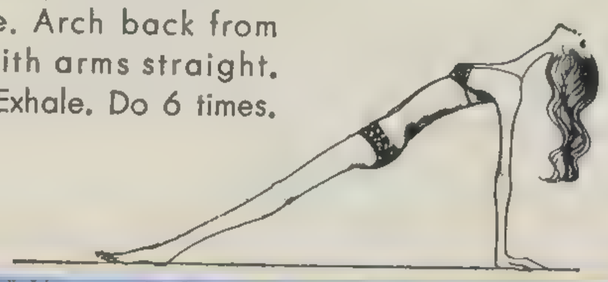


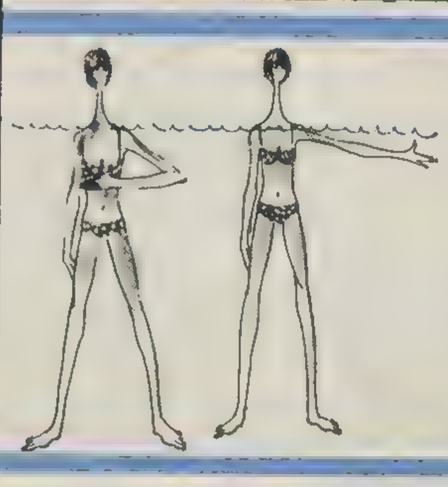
Position: Stand with 10-lb. dumbbell in each hand, elbows held close to ears. Straighten arms, then flex to original position. Lower and raise arms 3 times quickly. Relax. Repeat each set 10 times. Rest 5 minutes.



Equipment: Agitator belt. Directions: With elbows flexed, palms of hands held together, fingers pointed up, en-belt both arms. Let machine agitate 3 minutes.

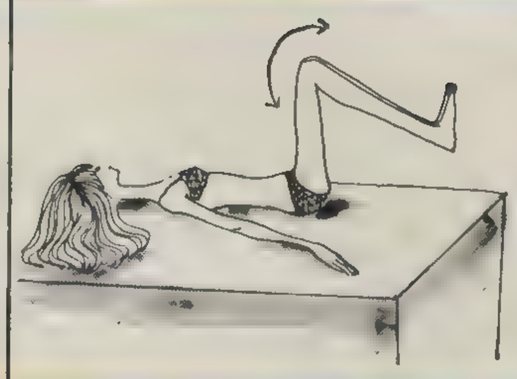
Classic name: The Inclined Pose. Instructions: Sit on floor with arms at sides, hands pointed towards head. Inhale. Arch back from shoulders with arms straight. Hold. Relax. Exhale. Do 6 times.





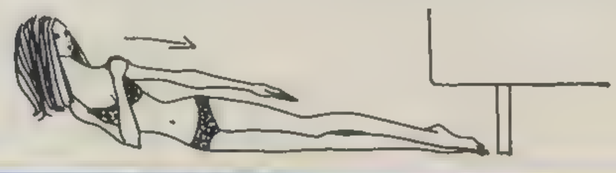
Equipment: Pool, lake, or ocean; water shoulder height. Cross arm in front of body with palm facing body. Push back against water with elbow held straight. After each complete movement, repeat with alternate arm. Do this 20 times each arm.

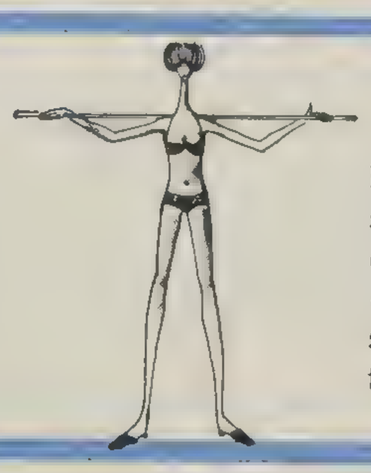
To reduce waistline



Position: Lie flat on back on bed. Flex knees and lift feet up from bed. Swing knees together from side to side, rocking left, then right, without letting heels touch bed. This: 20 times.

Position: Lie on floor on right side. Put both feet under edge of bed or sofa, using either fixture as foot-anchor. Grasp left shoulder with right hand. Rise sideways and reach for knee with left hand. Hold 6 seconds. Relax 6 seconds. Reverse sides. Repeat 6 times for each side.

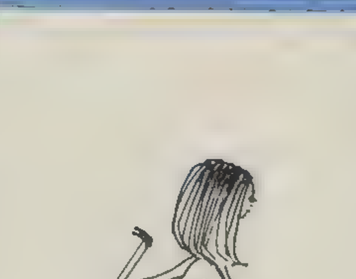




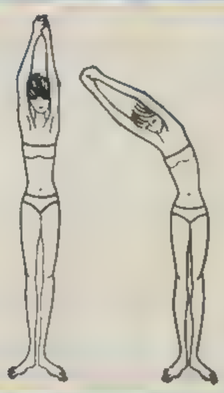
Position: Stand with stick on shoulders behind head, arms curved behind stick, hands dropped forward. Bend from side to side, up and down, then twist from side to side. 30 times.



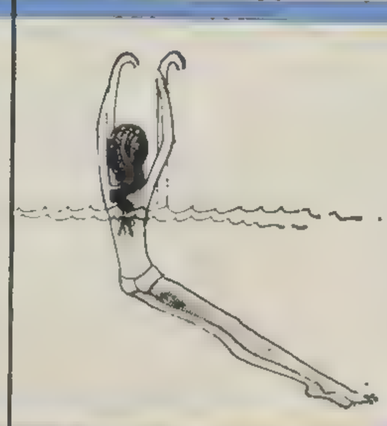
Position: Stand with feet together, knees slightly flexed. Hold 10-lb. dumbbell in each hand. Pull right arm up while body bends to left, then pull left arm up while body bends to right. Left, right, left. Reverse. 10 sets of these. Rest 5 minutes.



Equipment: Twistaway, a rotating plate which gyms place directly in front of horizontal bars. Directions: Sit on Twistaway, with back to bars, legs held straight out, hands grasping bar. Swing body from side to side. 2 minutes for a starter.



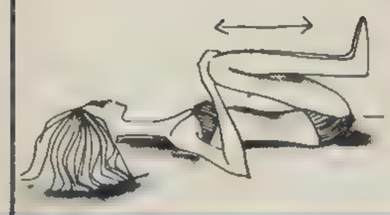
The Fountain. Stand. Feet together. Arms raised. Fingers clasped together. Inhale. Bend sideways from waist to deep left. Hold. Exhale and draw arms and body straight and high. Inhale, bend deep to right. Hold, exhale, return to "peak" of fountain. Repeat several times.



Equipment: Pool with deep-water ladder. Face ladder. Grasp ladder firmly and swing body from waist, side to side, fishtail fashion, against the water's resistance. 5 minutes.

CHART CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGES

To firm and flatten abdomen



Position: Lie flat on bed. Draw both knees up. Place hands on knees, palms down. Press down on knees, but force knees to resist. Let arms win out, finally, until legs are pushed out straight. 10 times. Breathe between each resistance contest.



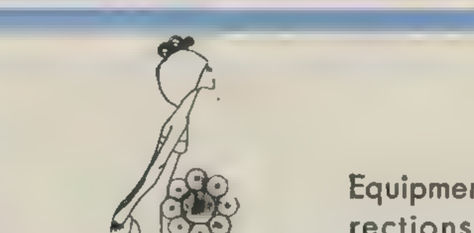
Position: Lie on floor, knees bent, feet planted firmly on floor, arms out toward knees. Slowly raise body up toward knees. Once there, hold 6 seconds, relax 3 seconds. Lower body slowly. Repeat 6 times.



Position: Sit on floor. Draw knees up. Hold stick out, in front of knees. Move legs over stick, as though over jump-rope. Back and forth 10 times with this.



Position: Lie on slantboard or on floor with feet held down by strap or underside of bed. Hold one 10-lb. dumbbell in both hands and slowly raise body. 3 times. Rest. Repeat 6 times. Keep feet anchored firmly.



Equipment: Stomach roller. Directions: Lean body against roller and roll the abdomen for 5 minutes. This counts as passive exercise. Very undemanding.



Classic name: The Plough. Instructions: Lie on floor on back. Place arms alongside body. Inhale and slowly raise legs up and over the head, touching toes to floor over the head. Hold breath. Slowly exhale and bring legs down to floor. 6 times is enough for the Plough.

Equipment: Pool with ladder. Grasp ladder. Bend knees slightly. Keep about a foot's space between feet. Then kick legs back to prone position. Repeat this 25 times.

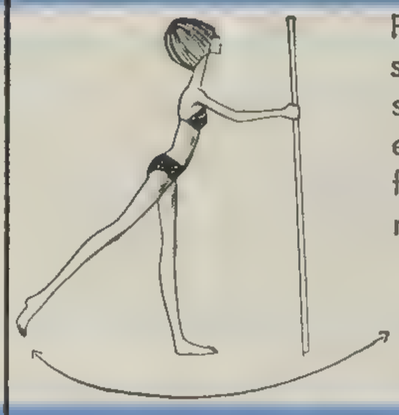
To firm buttocks



Position: Lie face down at foot of bed, abdomen on bed, legs extended beyond bed. Grasp mattress sides firmly. Raise each leg alternately to horizontal position. 10 times for each leg.

Position: Lie on stomach, on floor or bed. Place a book between lower thighs. Squeeze book with thighs. Flex knees. At the same time, lift knees. Hold elevation 6 seconds. Relax 3 seconds. Repeat about 5 times.

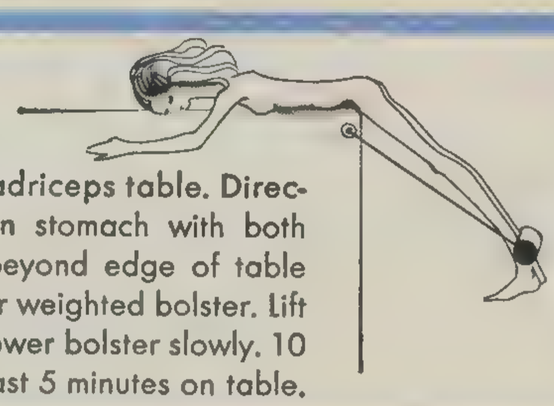




Position: Stand upright, with stick upright from floor. Hold stick with both hands and swing either leg forward and back as far as possible. Alternate left to right. Reverse. 30 times each.

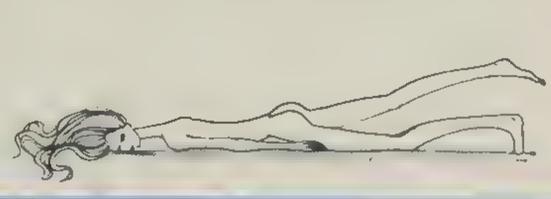


Position: Stand with one 10-lb. dumbbell held at chin level. Take a huge lunge forward. Recover balance. And lunge on. 10 times.



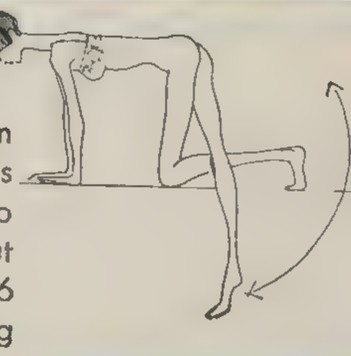
Equipment: Quadriceps table. Directions: Lie flat on stomach with both legs extended beyond edge of table and ankles under weighted bolster. Lift bolster slowly, lower bolster slowly. 10 times. Rest at least 5 minutes on table.

The Locust. Instructions: Lie on floor, face down, arms alongside body, palms flat, fingers pointed upwards. Inhale. Raise one leg high; include sacrum in lift. Hold 20 seconds and slowly bring leg down. 3 times for each.



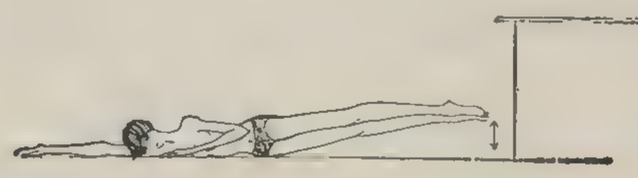
Equipment: Pool with staircase or ladder. Grasp ladder or hold water-level step of staircase. Lie flat on stomach, kick legs with knees held straight. 2 minutes of fast-and-furious kicks. Rest. Repeat at least 3 times,

To reduce and tighten hips and outside thighs



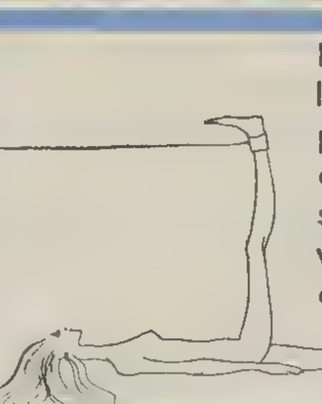
Position: On all fours, kneel on bed, arms straight, elbows straight. Swing right leg over to left side and back again without touching toes to bed. Do this 6 times; reverse, swinging left leg over to right side 6 times.

Position: Lie on side on floor near table. Keep back straight. Lift both legs toward table top. Hold 6 seconds. Relax 3 seconds. Reverse sides. Repeat 5 times each side. Table's purpose: to provide a target.





Position: Sit on right butto with knees flexed to left sid With wide grip on stick swi to the left. Keep body weight left side until left buttock touch floor as arms swing to rig Then alternate sides. 12 time



Position: Stand with legs apa Hold one 10-lb. dumbbell both hands. Swing arms far right. At end of swing, lift le foot from floor. Reverse side 10 complete sets, each sid

Equipment: Weighted wall-pu ley. Directions: Attach cuff pulley around right ankle. Ben and cross right leg over left. Pu sideways and down to the flo with knee held straight. The alternate. 10 times for each le



Leg Split. Instructions: Sit on floor with legs stretche wide apart. Inhale. Bend forward over left leg a grasp left foot with both hands. Hold. Raise body and exhale. Change to right. 6 times for each sid

Equipment: Pool with ladder. Gras ladder. Brace left leg against po wall, with knee slightly bent. Dra right leg straight down away fro wall. Swing right leg in wide a far right to far left without touc ing wall. Reverse sides. Repea

To reduce and firm thighs



Position: Lie on bed, body-weight resting on propped elbows. Flex knees. Swing feet in wide circles, both feet circling outwards, in opposite directions from each other. Then reverse, swinging both feet in circles towards each other. 25 times for each set of foot circlings.



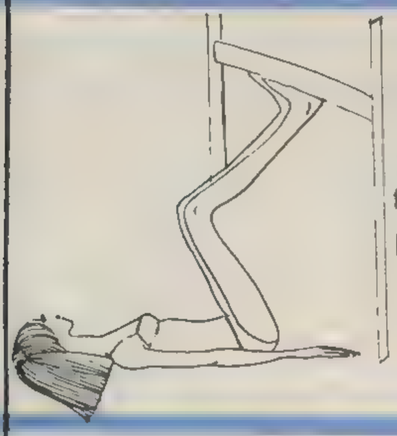
Position: Sit on floor. Knees wide apart. Soles of feet together, palms together, elbows pressed against inside thighs. Against resistance of arms, push legs together, hold 6 seconds. Relax 3 seconds. Reverse procedure, elbows forcing thighs outwards. Hold 6 seconds, relax 3 seconds. 5 times.



Position: Stand with legs wide apart facing upright stick. Hold stick with both hands. Keeping back straight, knee-dip deeply to left, then deeply to right. Keep buttocks tucked in. 12 times.



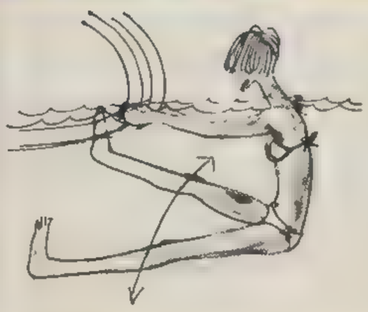
Position: Flex knees. Spread legs wide apart. Hold a 10-lb. dumbbell in each hand, resting crevice of dumbbell on each shoulder. Keeping back straight, buttocks tucked in, squat down 3 times. Rest. Do several sets.



Equipment: Leg press, 35-lb. weight to begin with. Directions: Lie flat on floor, raise weighted press and let down slowly. 10 times. Increase weight with proficiency, 5 lbs. each step.

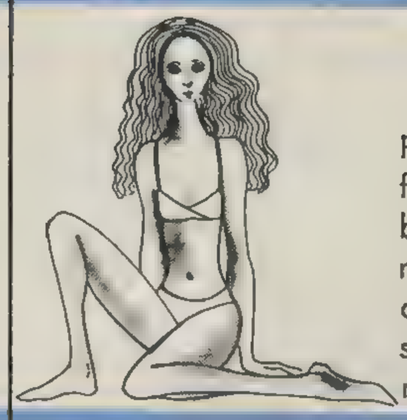


The Kneestretch. Instructions: Sit with knees flexed and soles of feet firmly held together, hands pressed against inside knees. Inhale. Bend body forward toward feet. Hold. Exhale. Inhale. Raise body to original position. Exhale. 6 times for kneestretch.



Equipment: Pool with ladder. Grasp ladder. Place legs far apart on side wall of pool at 90-degree angle from body. With knees held straight, jump and draw feet together, then apart. 30 times should do for this one.

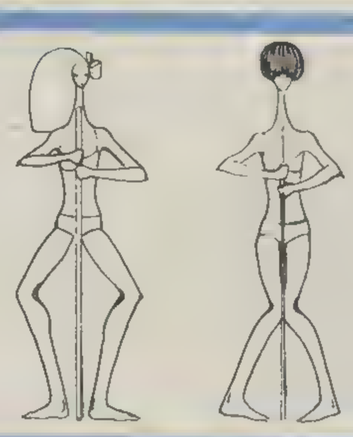
To reduce and shape knees



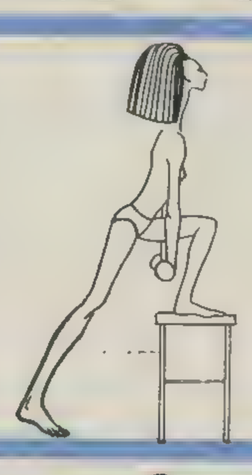
Position: Sit on bed, knees bent, feet placed wide apart. Rest body-weight on hands. Slap right inside-knee hard on bed alongside left foot. Alternate, slapping left knee on bed near right foot. 25 times each knee.



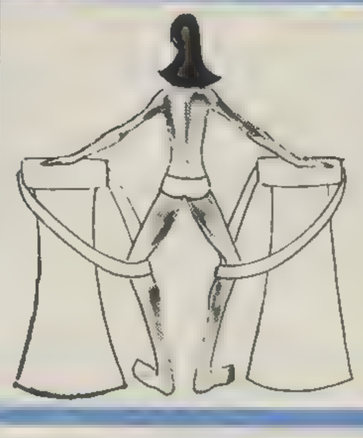
Position: Sit on chair drawn up before table. Place legs straight out under table, with toes touching table's underside. Press feet upward in effort to lift table from floor. Hold 6 seconds. Relax 3 seconds. Repeat 5 times.



Position: Stand with feet a few inches apart, heels dug in, feet pointing straight to each side. Hold stick vertically. Bend body slightly, straighten backbone, and relax. Then turn toes in and out, bending knees up and down as you do so. Do 25 times.



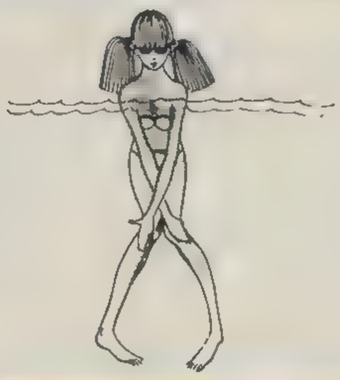
Position: Stand beside strong, firm-legged stool or low chair. Hold 10-lb. dumbbell in each hand. Put one foot on chair. Bring other leg up and stand on chair. Step down. Switch legs. Up and down 10 times for each.



Equipment: Vibrating belt. Directions: Place one vibrating belt around each knee. Bend knees slightly and begin agitation. 5 minutes if belts are available for both knees simultaneously. If not, 5 minutes for each knee.



The Halfbackward Bend. Instructions: Kneel with lower legs flat against floor. Take deep breath. Arch torso backwards. Grasp ankles. Hold. Exhale. Raise body to original position. Rest. 6 times.



Equipment. Pool or lake with flat bottom. In shoulder-deep water, do underwater Charleston. Stand in water on toes with legs slightly apart, each hand on opposite knee. Do Charleston as fast as you can. 3 minutes.

Calf and ankle shaper



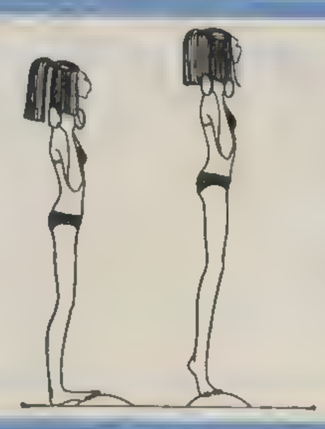
Position: Lie flat on back with heels against headboard or wall. Grasp mattress sides with hands, firmly. Push away from wall or headboard, using toes, not heels, and at same time, pull back with hands. Begin again and repeat 15 times.



Position: Holding back straight, tiptoe up stairs without touching heels to stairs. At stairtop, relax. Using railing for balance, tiptoe backwards down the staircase.



Position: Sit on floor. Draw one knee toward chest. Hold stick firmly in both hands and press ball of lifted foot against stick. Press toes forward against the stick's resistance. Then reverse pressure by pressing stick against foot. Alternate left and then right. 15 times for each leg.



Position: Stand with 10-lb. dumbbells resting on each shoulder. Place feet with toes on low plank or on slightly-raised threshold where heels are lower than toes. Rise up, then down—slowly. Rest by shaking legs. 25 times.



Equipment: Exercycle. Directions: Place toes on pedals, heels free. Pedal. On down pedal, press heels toward floor. On up pedal, lift heels. 5 minutes. Then pedal backwards.



The Tree Pose. Instructions: Stand up straight. Flex elbows. Hold hands palm to palm, fingers pointing upward. Flex one leg, placing sole of foot firmly against thigh. Breathe deeply counting to 6. Hold 3 seconds. Exhale. Relax and switch legs.



Equipment: Pool or lake with ladder. Lie on the back, hold ladder with both hands. Bicycle kick, lifting feet out of water with each kick. Special push on downkick.

DRAWINGS BY ELAINE BRANDT

SPOT-REDUCING CHART DETAILS

Which of the preceding exercises is for whom? No one said you can't do them *all* (you can, and do, when you're entrapped in the Bennstrom program at Palm Springs Spa as a live-in case history—about which, see page 60, this issue). But here is how we see the various systems if they're to be managed unsupervised:

● For anyone who can't call her day her own once she's out of bed in the morning, a good choice is the system called Bed Exercises because you do them *before* you get out of bed. A fairly firm single bed is the only prop. The better if it's not too close to the ground. If your bedroom's bed is a double, one of those flat garden chaise things will do as substitute, as long as it's firm, strong, and has a fair depth of padding. And is placed inescapably bedside.

● For anyone in a mad rush for results, the Dumbbell Exercises should be a first consideration. Dumbbells are the crash way to spot-reducing; nothing works faster. Overworked, however, over a longish period of time, dumbbells can develop too-muscular muscles. That may be a long time from where you are now, though; so consider.

● For anyone attuned to Isometric Exercises, splendid; keep it up. But note that one of the appeals of isometrics is also its weakness: since isometrics make a point of being casually do-able any old where, they have a tendency to get forgotten for days at a time. If you choose isometrics, therefore, choose a regular time and place to do them. Add stints at whim and wherever.

● For the creature who can take a little break for calisthenics at some point during the day, but needs more sense of direction to give the system form, Stick Exercises might be it. The prop is a smooth pole the length of a broomstick—this gives the doer something to hang on to. The background music for stick exercises *is* music—preferably a recording of some cheery sort (we rather favour Louis Armstrong's "When the Saints Go Marching In" type of thing). The music gives beat to the calisthenic sequence.

● For anyone who needs the discipline of a well-equipped gymnasium, and derives psychological benefits from the we're-all-in-this-thing-together spirit there engendered, health clubs have opened up all over the country with pretty much the same assortment of machinery, gadgets, presses, and so forth. In most cases, however, once you've been indoctrinated, you're put on your own—hence, inclusion of the Gym-gadgetry Exercises on the preceding chart. Also, should you happen to fall in love with some one bit of specialized equipment which proves to be especially effective where your figure needs it, it's possible the machinery may be buyable. In which case, you may just do that. Didn't Edison work out the electric light bulb in his own home laboratory?

● For anyone who wants to exercise gently, gracefully, and wind up unwinded—with little or no acceleration of the pulse—there are the Yoga Exercises. They're in no hurry to remake you. But at the same time, they're extraordinarily stay-with-able. Many women over forty go out of their way to say they like these exercises best. For all the yoga exercises charted on the preceding pages, there's this crucial directive: breathe through the nostrils, not through the mouth. (Other forms of exercise are more eager for fast air intake—which is another thing that makes yoga exercising unique.)

● For anyone with a swimming pool, bliss is daily Water Exercises. The same exercises, over and over again—and not a stiffness will they cause. The pool doesn't have to be concrete: reasonably calm water anywhere will do, as long as there's some form of step-ladder to use as a prop. An underwater agitator of the Jacuzzi type is something Anne-Marie Bennstrom always installs in her swimming pools—but if yours hasn't one, skip her chin exercise and borrow from another system something for that general locale. . . .

New play-it-cool plan

The cool news opposite is the mouth—iced with honey and laced with silver. Honey Icing is the name the Helena Rubinstein people gave this new lipstick shade. Enticing Icing is the silvered shimmer that went on over it. Both are among several thoughts the Rubinstein artists had for mouths and faces playing it cool this spring. A silvered white stick, Enticing Icing, as a lipstick underliner, lightens; as an overliner, it adds glister. . . . Other icings making the scene, with or without Enticing Icing, are pink and peach and all icings are stretched out in lanky, be-tuliped wands. . . . On the eyes right, Tender Perle, a brush-on shadow by Helena Rubinstein. . . . And on the neck right, a puffed-sleeve collar of blue stones by Jack Gilbert; at Saks Fifth Avenue; and at Sakowitz.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI







FAMILY PORTRAIT: H. R. H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, MRS. HOWARD OXENBERG AND HER DAUGHTERS

Three generations were brought together when Princess Paul, the elder sister of the Duchess of Kent, came from Paris to visit her daughter, Mrs. Howard Oxenberg, and her two small granddaughters: Catherine, *left,* as thoughtful as four years permit, and Christina, *right,* an impetuous three-year-old with great dark eyes and flyaway hair. Soft-spoken serenity marks Princess Paul's presence, spontaneous dash that of Mrs. Oxenberg. They were photographed in the Oxenbergs' New York apartment where statesmen and forebears—mostly delegates to the Congress of Vienna—survey the pleasant family bustle from gilt-framed portraits. With her husband, Mrs. Oxenberg enjoys skiing weeks in Europe, swimming weekends in the Caribbean, dinners at home with a lively company of friends any evening. Except May eleventh, when she will be a patroness of J.O.B.'s Feather Ball, proceeds of which go to help the physically disabled find jobs they can hold successfully. Each year, Just One Break helps close to a thousand people return to a productive life.

TOM WOLFE ...BUT EXACTLY, YES!

PORTRAIT OF A REPORTER AS A VERY YOUNG MAN

BY ELAINE DUNDY

"I Shall Revolt," wrote Tom Wolfe under the name of Jocko Thor when he was twenty-five years old and studying for his Ph.D. at Yale:

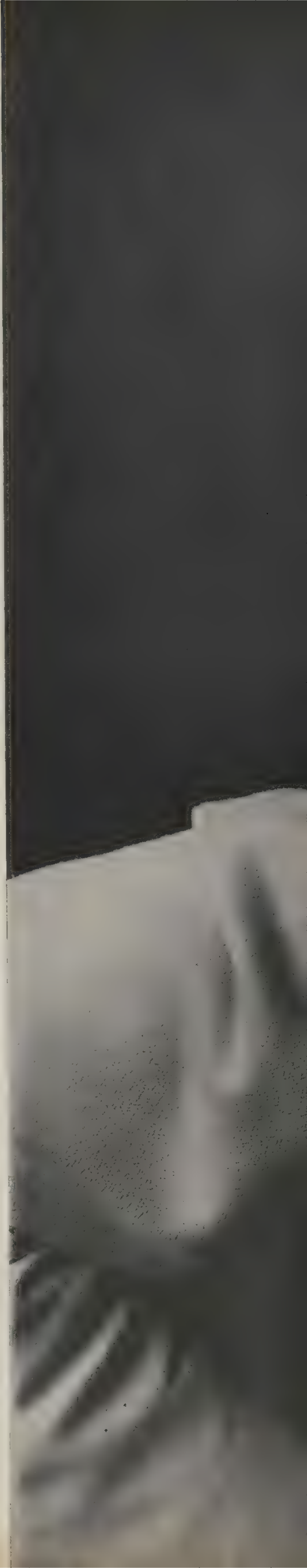
I shall burst this placid pink shell
I shall wake up slightly hungover,
Favoured, adored, worshiped and clamoured for.
I shall raise Hell and be a real
Cut-up.

Ten years later, almost to the day (one is tempted to say), It All Came True, with the publication and public acclaim of his book *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, a collection of articles he had written over a fifteen-month period. The book hit the best-seller lists right off the bat, went into its fourth printing a month after publication, and parties were given for him everywhere from New York to Boston, from Richmond, Virginia, to San Diego, California, at which he appeared in a white-on-white suit kissing the ladies' hands, and when he wasn't at these parties being favoured and adored, he was at some radio or television studio being worshipped and clamoured for. How did he like it? He *loved* it. On this level he is one of your simple, barefoot American boys of letters, sharing in common with them all their simple hopes and fears and determination to Make Out. What is uncommon about his celebrity is that it was won in the field of journalism rather than the novel or the play, for everyone knows that the only proper stance to assume towards journalism (especially by its practitioners) is to look down upon it—or at least sideways. Yet here was Tom Wolfe (and with that *name*, too) flinging himself at it as if he'd never even heard it was Number One on Cyril Connolly's list of Enemies of Promise, taking journalism like a walnut, cracking it wide open and getting down to the meat of what was really going on inside all those facts. And with the excitement of his discoveries came an entirely communicable rush of words, all saying—Look at what I've found and wait till I tell you about it! His style is hyperbolic, rhapsodic, and colloquial —American, that is, as opposed to English, his satire devastating, his intentions serious, and his innovation to project himself with a novelist's omniscience into his subjects so that they seem to become his own creations.

That his pieces bear rereading is attested to by the fact that every one of those in *The Kandy-Kolored* et cetera has formerly appeared in large-circulation newspapers or magazines—some of them have made four trips including in the hard-cover edition; by the fact that they collect well, that they don't become too much of a muchness all bunched together; by the fact that each one has a rhythm and drive peculiar to itself and yet they seem organically related so that the whole book adds up to more than the sum of its parts: The American Scene, Mid-Sixties.

Tom Wolfe, the new Wild Man of American literature, is, upon first acquaintance, the mildest of men with amiable if absentminded good manners, a soft voice gently dipped in the South (he comes from Virginia), "afred" for *afraid*, for instance—a voice that is hesitant and full of pauses unless he is "putting you on"—or "lying," as it used to be called—which is quite often, at which point it becomes firm, clear, and fluent. He has fair, floppy blond hair, a sensitive, sharp, bony nose—a nose for news—and big, powerful-looking hands. A largish young man in his pink placid shell with a country air about him in spite of his dandified clothes—Tom Sawyer drawn by Beardsley—he exudes at most times a calmness, cool and loose, if not exactly a sanity—the giveaway being the pale-blue eyes that widen in panic, delight, or suspicion from time to time. This interesting mixture of phlegm and sensibility has been in his time a semiprofessional baseball player and a lorry loader before he became what he is today: the New Journalist.

In typecasting he is suited to his rôle of observer. What the people he is going to write about are confronted with is an easygoing chap in crazy clothes who never gets their backs (Continued on page 152)



PENN




HORST

MAINBOCHER

MRS. WYATT COOPER WEARS THE NEW MAIN SUIT LOOKS

Between Mrs. Wyatt Cooper and Mainbocher, rapport is perfect and admiration mutual. . . . "Nobody," he said recently, "is brighter about clothes; she comes in and picks things out right away . . . doesn't even try them on before she decides what she wants." . . . To Mrs. Cooper, it's Main who "makes it all so easy. You put on a Mainbocher and forget about it; it's right and that's that." . . . On these pages, Mrs. Cooper—who, under the *nom de brosse* of Gloria Vanderbilt, has just had an exhibit of paintings at New York's Hammer Galleries—wears day and evening looks from the new Mainbocher collection. *Above:* One of Mrs. Cooper's favourite Main suits—Tattersall-checked silk shantung in dark red and white, with a long belted jacket over a raspberry-coloured Thai silk blouse in a Prince of Wales check. *Opposite:* Mainbocher's non-suit suit—varying whites, unvaryingly luxurious. Buttonless oyster-white jacket in heavy silk crêpe; matching cashmere sweater with golden studs for buttons; jersey dirndl—marvellous Sunday-in-the-country look.

HORST

MRS. WYATT COOPER WEARS MAINBOCHER AT NIGHT

Mrs. Cooper, *above,* in the long, fluent, heavy apricot crêpe that she chose for herself—Mainbocher's cowled, biased-top dress, dipped low front and back, with a high waist from which the full skirt falls slim as a stream. With this, she likes a necklace of pink and amethyst stones . . . wears it, here, in the living room of her house in town, a room filled with pale damask, old needlepoint, and family snapshots everywhere. *Opposite:* The most pristine white lace—short, shaped in front; the back blown away from a squared, pinafore-strapped décolletage. Clothes, all four pages, to order at Mainbocher. Coiffures: Duval of Kenneth.



THE SHIRT GOES WEST

This is the shirt. Lean as a bean, long enough to stash into hip-pants. Belt it. Add a cowboy hat, cowboy tie. Conquer the West. . . . High pockets, left, on a shirt that's clear as water everywhere else. Pale, water-green voile; by Sidney Heller, of Dacron and cotton (Cohama fabric). About $10. Burmel navy-blue scarf. Colony belt. All at Bloomingdale's. Shirt: Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Sanger-Harris. Sally Victor straw hat. Slicker shirt, right: carbon-blue cotton batiste coated to shine and plunged into clean white ducks. By Deanna Littell for Paraphernalia. Of Wm. Lind fabric, $18. Canterbury striped canvas belt—red, white, blue.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

VOGUE, April 15, 1966









Long-stemmed voile, directly above, packed with flowers—mauve, green, and white belted down under jeans. Ship 'n Shore shirt, of Dacron and cotton; about $5. Macy's; Frederick & Nelson. Calderon white hip belt. Officer material, above left: khaki-coloured shirt with tabbed shoulders, flapped pockets. By Evelyn Sini for Happiness, of Rosewood Dacron-and-cotton voile; about $8. At Lord & Taylor; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin. Pin-thin ivory stripes, left, woven into a button-down shirt of ivory . . . slicked into white jeans, tied on the hip with a patchwork of pecan-and-bone-coloured surah. Shirt by Lady Arrow of Fortrel and Avril; about $7. At Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott. Doro scarf. Sally Victor cowboy hat. Blue-chip voile, right, white in the background. . . . Lady Hathaway hip-rider shirt, Dacron and cotton; about $11. Burmel white batiste scarf. Wide white watchband by Etienne Aigner. All: Lord & Taylor. Shirt: Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Pacesetters of London striped belt. Big bold pilot's watch, both pages: fashion with time to spare—along with the everyday kind, Greenwich Mean Time told here. By Rolex. Tiffany.

THE SHIRT GOES WEST

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

VOGUE, April 15, 1966



BEAUTY bulletin

HOW TO KNOW WHAT TO ASK FOR AT THE HAIRDRESSER—FAST SETS, NEW RESCUE TECHNIQUES, NEW LOOKS...

The hankering now is for long hair again. One way or another. Either with a long wig to wear over a short haircut, or a short wig to wear over a pinned-up longcut. If you're on your way to letting your hair grow, but aren't sure you can last out the neither-this-nor-that stage—courage, hang on. Summer is when hair goes into its biggest growing phase of the year. Stepped-up metabolism, probable reason.

Hairdressing is entering its own jet age—speed's the big word; read on....

For hair that needs a "conditioner" to gleam nicely (and to comb when wet), but finds certain conditioners too softening to the set: the new race of lotions (mostly transparent pink, blue, green, purple, or orange—the colour's the code to strength) that are at one and the same time conditioners and determined setting lotions. Each handful of names in this field has a slightly unique character—you have to shop around among the group to find the one that suits your hair. We name a few in use at salons, and sort them, next page.

Speed. It's everything. It's the direction in which the smart beauty thinking is going. Two monumental achievements: speedier colouring; speedier setting. Both, machine-achieved. We've spoken of them before, but recount them because they're breakthroughs. To cut down the time it takes for colour to take, there's the new heated hood called Accelomatic. Made by Rilling, it's designed to get you in and out in about five minutes. . . . To cut down the time you spend in curlers, there are Carmen Curlers, a rig of electrically-heated rollers that establish a good lofty set in five minutes. Buyable for use at home, too.

FRENCH LOAF: THE FRENCH TWIST'S NEW SUCCESSOR

This takes two kinds of hair: real hair of fair length, and fake hair set on a wire or buckram cone, over which one's own hair is combed. Designed by Alexandre for Givenchy's new collection. A fat diamond at the tip buttons things up nicely, but Givenchy wouldn't hate it if the hairspray used were the splendid new one he's just issued.

Hair loss observed during combing or shampoo doesn't necessarily mean trouble. Hair grows, then it rests until a new hair is ready to replace the old. Resting hairs are more easily lost from the follicle because they're less firmly anchored than hairs in a growing stage. Growing phase: usually just around the corner.

LIONEL KAZAN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

Fastest hairpiece in town is the "Attilio." A crossbar of Velcro is bobby-pinned to one's real hair. The hairpiece, Velcro-backed, clings to the crossbar on contact. Advantages besides speed: weight cut to a minimum. What the inventor—the New York hairdresser, Attilio—uses for hair is Dynel. Dynel as we've never seen it before: streaked, touchable, mixable with hair. He has dozens of versions, sizes, lengths, pop-on arrangements. . . .



Above, the spectacular new shoulder-shaped hairpiece by Alfredo of Via Veneto. Long hair cut in an upwards oval at each shoulder—to fit, exactly, the shoulder of the wearer. We can see this idea working both ways—as a hairpiece, as here; as a new national pattern for haircutting hair that's naturally long, straight. (Bracelet by Smith St. Jacques.) . . . The other cut of the moment that uses long hair as though it were the most modern of fabrics: the new long cut by Vidal Sassoon. . . .

At right, the famous ping-pong ponytail invented by the new Roman rage—the hairdressing team of Alba & Francesca. Yards of fake hair, spewing upwards, then filled with a series of ping-pong balls to look like a string of giant black pearls.

Condition of the scalp has become such a major concern to the great Kenneth that he's now opened a salon within his salon—just for the nourishing of scalp and hair health. Massage. Brushing. Serious approach.

Name by name, performance by performance, character-readings of the conditioning-setting ensembles around hairdressing salons: *L'Oréal Suffrage*—all three strengths strike us as being variations on one theme: hang onto the set for dear life. . . . *Forming de Pantene*—gloss is a great part of the formula and no small part of its reason for success; the set is good. . . . *Bio-kur*—less well known than the others mentioned, this puts magnificent gloss into the hair, but a booster may be needed to stiffen the set. The booster we find to be most compatible with it is its own setting gel, Bio-set. . . . *Fi-stop*—a new Italian entry—is silky, does a better than satisfactory set. . . . *Firmé*—made by the famous house called Restor—is pleased to contain whatever magic it is that's made Restor's name; the new lotion, just now reaching the beauty salons of the country, appears to have the goods.

To put some starch into the hairpiece that tends to go flat on the head, this trick: put a roller into hair just ahead of the crown. Hairpiece sits on this—loftily.

WHAT OF BANGS? IN PARIS, CARITA PULLS A SOFT, FEATHERY TWEAK OF BANG DOWN INTO A POINT AT BRIDGE OF NOSE; CALLS IT "THE OWL." . . . IN NEW YORK, YOUNG CHICERINO POPS MULE-TAIL HAIRPIECE ON BACKWARDS: MULE-TAIL BANGS.



THE HAIR THAT ISN'T

It's not hair: the stuff at right. And it's not pretending to be. It's simply a bundle of Dynel fibres that were dyed in chiffon shades to find out whether this might spark any ideas. Which it did. It was from this batch of fibres that a few Paris designers got the notion of pale-tinted wigs, and made them not a fashion but a charming diversion.

PENN





Leslie Caron, an enchanting contemporary sprite—cobalt-blue eyes, fling of thick, silky dark hair—visits, on these eight pages, the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, one of the architectural delights of the English Regency . . . outside, a "poetic fantasy on Indian themes"; inside, a magnificent outburst of Chinoiserie. Beneath these soaring domes and minarets, surrounded by flowery Chinese wallpapers, porcelains, bamboo, the Prince Regent—later King George IV—presided over a glittering Court; directed the Napoleonic War; flirted with Lady Conyngham, whose face (as a Chinese bride) appears in one wall painting in the great Banqueting Room. . . . Miss Caron's latest movie is *Promise Her Anything*. She'll appear next, with Kirk Douglas and Alain Delon, in *Is Paris Burning?* *Left:* On the rooftop of the Royal Pavilion . . . Leslie Caron in short, striped harem pyjamas, a little white caftan banded in green. By Fernando Sanchez for Warner's. Pyjamas, of Dacron and Avron, $19. Coat, of Arnel and Du Pont nylon (fabric by Stehli), $23. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin.



Above: In the Grand Corridor . . . Miss Caron on a Regency day-bed of carved mahogany; the seashell back honours Lord Nelson. Nightdress, a long pink crêpe smock, lace-banded. By Matej Sherko for Christian Dior, in crêpe de lys of silk, nylon, polyester. $30. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffures, these pages: Christophe of Carita.

A BRIGHTON FANTASY:

LESLIE CARON IN THE DREAMIEST NIGHTDRESSES

HENRY CLARKE



Leslie Caron in the North Drawing Room of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton: pale grey, white, and gold, with draperies of Chinese-yellow silk....More Chinoiserie: palm-tree columns with golden serpents; magnificent ormolu candelabra on Chinese-porcelain pedestals. *Far left:* a bias fall of pale-pink over rose chiffon...cowled halter neckline, sash of pink-and-rose ribbons. Nightdress in polyester chiffon, designed by Galitzine for Van Raalte; about $35. At Lord & Taylor; J. P. Allen; and Burdine's. *Left:* nightdress of multicolour stripes on bias-cut tricot, doubled ...swirling vividly from a high, ruffled neckline to a deeply-indented hem. By Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon; about $20. At Altman's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

LESLIE CARON... IN LAYERS OF COLOR

HENRY CLARKE

Leslie Caron, with her vivid gamine quality, among Regency and Chinoiserie splendours at the Royal Pavilion at Brighton . . . a light-hearted beauty of a building, a fairy-tale palace for a frivolous Prince. *Below,* in the Royal apartments: the bed, though not the original, is a magnificent Regency *jeu d'esprit* of black lacquer with gold chinoiserie landscapes. The Royal bath adjoining it had a white marble pool sixteen feet long, supplied with sea-water. . . . Miss Caron wears an immaculate little white summer peignoir, crisply-pleated, edged and banded with white lace. By Saramae, of Dacron and cotton (Cohama fabric). $11. The peignoir, at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Himelhoch's; L. S. Ayres. *Opposite,* on the Royal Pavilion's rooftop: domes and pinnacles, lacy stonework, Indian minarets . . . Miss Caron in a short, layered white nightdress and coat of cotton and eyelet, fresh as a sea-breeze; pink-and-white striped sash, bows. By Sylvia Pedlar for Iris. Nightdress, $20; coat, $35. Both, Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



LESLIE CARON...
IN THE FRESHEST WHITE

HENRY CLARKE



In Brighton's Royal Pavilion... *this page*, the North Drawing Room: Leslie Caron wears a short ruffly nightdress of buttercup-yellow, edged with yellow satin, white lace. By Seamprufe, in tricot of Chemstrand nylon (Burlington fabric). $6, at Arnold Constable; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne. The King's Bedroom, *opposite*, with its great black-and-gold Chinoiserie bed, yellow satin hangings....Miss Caron in a bias-cut romper of flower-strewn nylon georgette, in blue, pink, white, green; matching float of cape. By Pauline Trigère for The Form-fit Designers Collection. $60, at Henri Bendel; Gidding-Jenny; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus.

LESLIE CARON...

IN RUFFLES AND FLOWERS

HENRY CLARKE



Usherettes, wearing severe grey uniforms, showed me into the private salon behind the central box of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. The room was furnished with red velvet chairs shrouded in long white dust covers; from under the covers appeared small golden feet. The effect—ghosts in evening slippers. Presently Maya Plisetskaya appeared, her beautiful long legs lost under thick black wool leotards, a man's striped terry-cloth bathrobe covering her tunic. "You come from Paris to talk to me about food?" she said, laughing outright. "That is monstrous folly. One doesn't talk food with a dancer. You know what Spessivtzeva once said?" I shook my head. "You know who she was?" said Plisetskaya. "Yes," I said quickly. "Of course."

"She was a great artist. Nijinsky's partner. She said a dancer should live on the yolk of an egg and two rose petals. Don't worry," Plisetskaya added, "I adore making fun of myself. And I do not exist on rose petals. In the Caucasus, when I'm faced with one of the traditional Georgian dishes, highly spiced, garnished with pimientos or drenched with sauce, I gorge myself happily." I asked her what kind of sauce. "Satsivi with nuts. An excellent sauce. A very rich sauce. My favourite recipe."

"Then dancing is enough to keep you thin," I said.

"Alas, no," she said. "After a day of heavy eating I know that the next day I'll not touch a thing. Dieting: One can't escape it."

I asked her what else she liked. "Simple but savoury dishes," she said. "Like tree soup. That is marvellous."

Tree soup? The interpreter explained this meant herb soup. Plisetskaya offered some Russian names, among which I recognized *petroushka.* Parsley. A parsley soup, I asked. "No, no, no," she said. Finally it became clear. A soup fines herbes.

"And is there anything you hate?" I asked her.

"*Molochnaya Lapsha,*" she said with distaste and not the slightest hesitation. "That is milk soup with vermicelli," said the interpreter. "Part of the international cuisine for children."

Plisetskaya had had, for the moment, enough talk of food. "Paris! Paris!" she said. "You live in Paris? I adore Paris. I loved it at first sight. A coup de foudre. This is scarcely original. All Russians will talk to you about Paris, about the Louvre, about the Museum of Modern Art, the Rodin Museum. And about snails. Though the first time I danced there I was in a funk. I so much wanted the audience to like me. I have never had such stage fright. I also like Italy enormously. When I entered St. Peter's in Rome I understood why Italians believe in God. In the United States I was struck by all the comforts of life. But New York frightened me. Maybe when I go back I will get used to the skyscrapers."

We talked of her last American tour, in 1962 . . . of San Francisco, where she enjoyed eating at one of the seafood restaurants on Fisherman's Wharf . . . of the day when, for the first time, she ate frogs' legs, thinking them chicken. "It was in Canada," she said. "The frogs in that country are gigantic, with legs three to four inches long. One of the dancers, Shamil Yagudin, was a Tartar, which means he was a Muslim. When he heard what he'd (Continued on page 148)

MAYA

PLISETSKAYA

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Maya Plisetskaya is as Russia's prima ballerina, as perhaps the first ballerina of the world, who dances with equal splendour the high romance of Odile and Odette in Swan Lake *and the earthy bravura of Kitri, the tavern keeper's daughter, in* Don Quixote. *She is, in addition, an actress: "Medea and Millamant, Circe and Tyl Eulenspiegel, lightning, honey and benzedrine," John Martin wrote in* The New York Times *of Plisetskaya. Part of a famous Moscow theatrical family (her mother was an actress, her uncle is the choreographer Asaf Messerer), Plisetskaya is something of a maverick. She likes clothes—"Dior. Ah Dior!"—good food, and good jewels, rose-filled hotel rooms and summers on the Black Sea Riviera. She delights, too, in the movies of Brigitte Bardot: "I adore her: all the charm of France.". This month, in New York, Plisetskaya makes her third American appearance with the Bolshoi at the Metropolitan Opera House. (The Russian company's will be the last performances at the great opera house. When it leaves, on May 9, for a cross-country tour of the United States, the demolition crew will move in.) In Moscow, Maya Plisetskaya told Vogue: "In the mountains of the Caucasus lives a group of dancers all a hundred years old. Can you believe it? Ah, if only I could go on dancing till I'm a hundred and fifty. I find the future so exciting. I so much want to create new ballets. Though not," added this notably urban woman, "in the mountains."*

AVEDON



eaten he jumped up, quite scandalized, declaring he couldn't eat pork, and as for frogs' legs.... He left the place in a terrible huff."

Then, again, she led the conversation away from food, and spoke of the ballets she prefers to perform: *Don Quixote, Swan Lake, Beauty and the Beast, Raymonda.* And finally I dared to ask a personal question, or at least what in Russia is considered a personal question. "What part do you prefer in life? That of artist? Or woman? Or that of wife?" She hesitated. She had not understood my question. "I am everything," she said, "except a mother." The voice was firm, a trifle disapproving as it had been when speaking of milk soup. "Everything except a mother," she repeated.

"Not even towards your husband?" I said. Her husband is the composer Rodion Shedrin.

"It is rather the other way around," she said, bursting out laughing. "He does so much for me, you can not imagine. Everything he composes is dedicated to me. My husband," she concluded, "is a mother to *me.* With dancers it is always like that."

Here, two recipes from Maya Plisetskaya.

Sauce Satsivi

8 tablespoons butter
5 onions, chopped fine
½ cup flour
1 qt. chicken or fish broth
2 eggs
½ pound walnuts, peeled and put through the blender
2 cloves
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon saffron
3 pinches cayenne pepper
5 garlic cloves, minced
2 tablespoons chopped chives
½ cup red wine vinegar

Melt the butter in a large heavy-bottomed saucepan, and sauté onions until golden and soft. Sprinkle with flour and cook for a few minutes, stirring. Gradually add broth, stirring constantly, until thickened and smooth. Simmer 10 minutes on a very low fire, stirring occasionally. Place the slightly beaten eggs, the walnuts, and the spices in a bowl. Add a little hot sauce to the mixture, beat smooth, and pour back in the saucepan. Heat without boiling, but stirring. Remove from the fire. When the sauce is cooled, add minced garlic, chives, and vinegar. Coat fowl or fish, depending on broth used, and chill well before serving.

Beef Stew for four

1¾ pounds lean beef, cubed
3 tablespoons cooking oil
2 onions, chopped
3 tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and coarsely chopped
1 tablespoon tomato paste
4 cloves garlic, minced
Bouquet garni: ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 bay leaf, parsley sprigs, dill sprigs
Salt and pepper
⅛ teaspoon powdered coriander
1 cup beef bouillon
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3 sour gherkins, chopped

Brown the meat and the onions in hot oil in a skillet. When well browned on all sides, drain and place in a heavy oven-to-table dish with a cover. Add remaining ingredients, excepting gherkins and chopped parsley. Cover, and cook in a preheated 350° oven for 3 hours. If the stew gets dry, add more bouillon. A half hour before the stew is done, add gherkins and chopped parsley. At serving time remove bouquet garni, and serve right away.

Lord and Lady Dufferin

(Continued from page 112)

mourned him in poem.

Lady Dufferin was born at Prestwick Airport in 1941, where her father, Group Captain Loel Guinness, was serving. He comes from the family which has controlled brewing and banking in Ireland since the late eighteenth century. Her beautiful mother was Lady Isabel Manners, daughter of the ninth Duke of Rutland, and her grandmother was born Miss Tennant, niece to the alarming, witty Lady Oxford, and granddaughter to the astonishing Victorian tycoon, Sir Charles Tennant.

As a girl, Lady Dufferin spent most of her holidays in the saddle. Otherwise she travelled in America, Switzerland, or the South of France, coming finally to London for a season of frolics and a great ball in her uncle's castle at Belvoir. She loved every second of it. At Lady Northampton's ball at Castle Ashby, she met a remote cousin, Lord Dufferin, and talked to him in the library for half an hour.

Lord Dufferin: "When I met Lindy first, I didn't like her at all. Later, I began meeting her at parties and we started to see each other. She was a very difficult person to see because she was always going to Greece or Italy."

Lady Dufferin: "I had a house outside Florence where I painted, and I went to Southampton to study with Kokoschka —that was marvellous—we got on wonderfully.

"I didn't think I'd get married until I was twenty-seven at least. We're cousins, and one could be beautifully good friends without realizing anything was happening. I suddenly realized. We decided very quickly to get married. The wedding was a great success." . . . In fact, 2500 people came to their wedding in Westminster Abbey, which the Guinnesses have recently hung with cascading Waterford chandeliers.

In London, the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava live in a house in Holland Park Road, where one walks through an archway into a courtyard, up to a huge pale studio, with canvases stacked against the walls, Duncan Grants on the walls and easels, and a sketchbook with L. Guinness scrawled on the cover. This was where Lady Dufferin lived before her marriage. They have bought a new London house —a rather dilapidated Victorian house with big handsome rooms and a weed-grown garden shaded by forest trees, a house that would daunt most. There Lady Dufferin spends a great deal of time—the house is being completely remodelled—and also in antique shops and salesrooms, hunting down paintings and furniture.

She paints a lot. "She's a serious painter," Lord Dufferin explained, "and before she met me it was the major interest in her life." Lord Dufferin already has the basis for a great collection of modern art: Francis Bacons, David Hockneys, George Mathieus, an Ellsworth Kelly, a Jules Olitski, a Sidney Nolan.

Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, Lord Dufferin became interested in paintings at Oxford. In the New London Gallery, an offshoot of the Marlborough, he met Kasmin, a brilliant young dealer working there. Within months the pair set up dealing in modern American and English painters from Kasmin's house. They soon began to think of having a gallery together.

Their gallery, Kasmin, Ltd., opened in New Bond Street two years ago, and to this gallery and a handful of others is due the introduction of young American painting to England. Four of the British painters at this year's Venice Biennale are Kasmin painters.

Lord and Lady Dufferin are both very busy. Besides visiting his gallery almost daily and working in a new international investment bank in the city, Lord Dufferin has taken his seat in the House of Lords. In addition, he wants to open a club where one could dance and eat. "I absolute-

(Continued on page 159)



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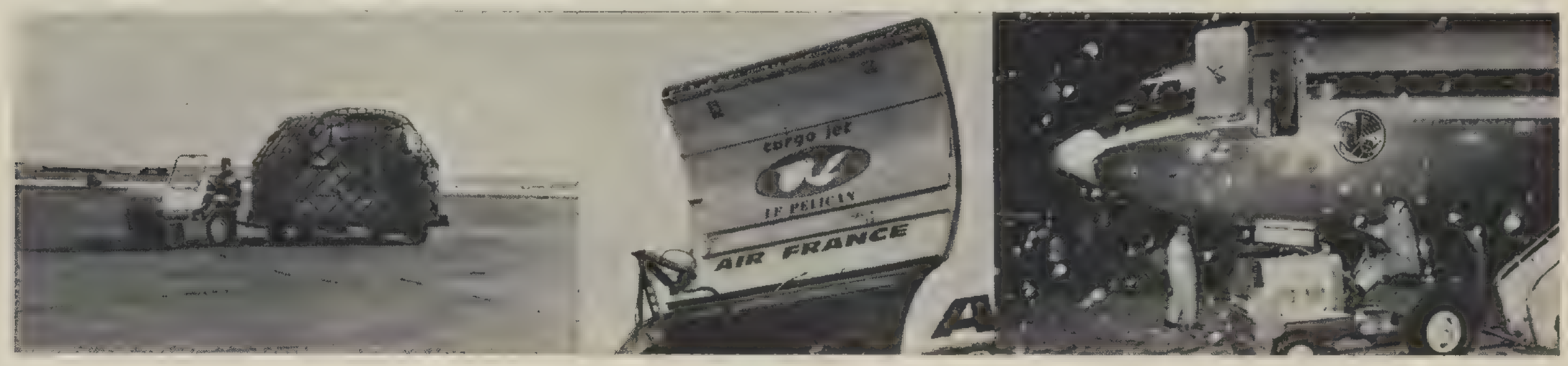
TRADEMARK

The flight of the "Pélican"

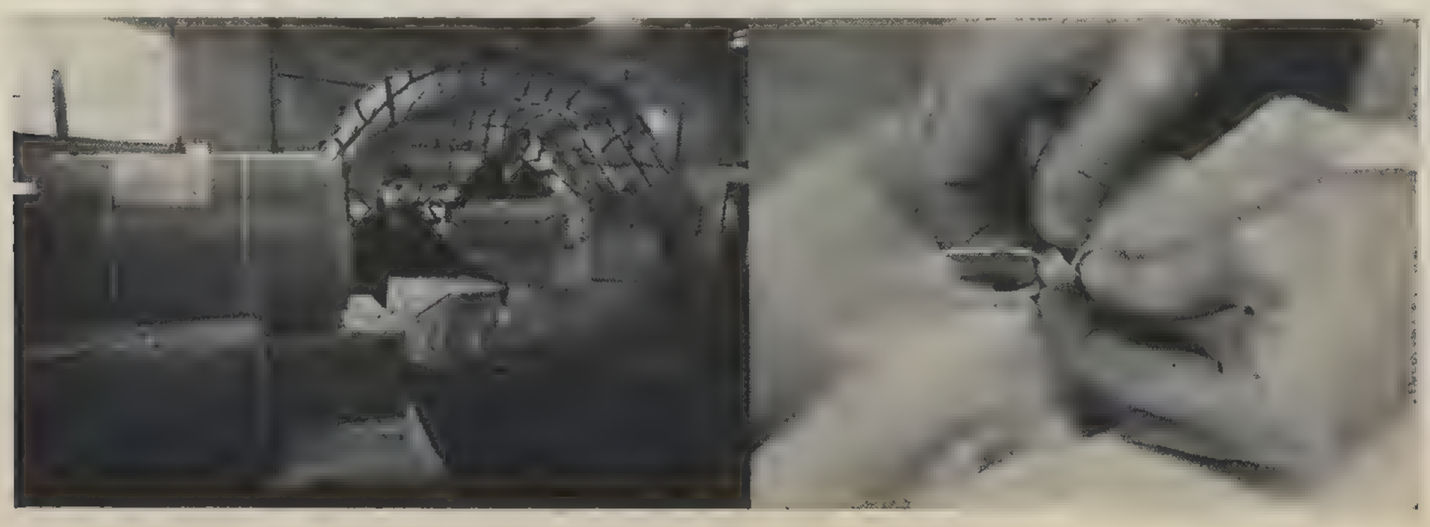
or how they brought the fashion from Paris to New York



The scene above: Orly Airport, in Paris. Time: 4 P.M. Date: February 24, 1966—only hours after the 1966 Paris Spring Collections had ended. Event: the twice-yearly "fashion flight" of the Air France cargo jet, *Le Pélican*—named for the bird with the roomy storage-bin in its maw. (Air France's speedy *Pélican* can stow 88,000 pounds in *its* maw.) The cargo, this afternoon: 136 boxes wrapped in heavy brown paper, unlabelled. Inside them, packed in masses of tissue-paper, were original French models that had been bought by American stores—now being shipped to New York with all possible speed. There were Balenciagas, St. Laurents, Givenchys, Diors, Castillos; Chanel's famous suits; Grecian draperies by Mme. Grès; Venet's snappy little coats; in short, the cream of the Collections. . . . The total number of individual pieces, on this and a second "fashion flight" the next day, was 414. Total value, a cool million. . . . At Orly, the boxes were loaded onto a palette which stood on a wheeled dolly, then covered with a waterproof igloo—a plastic hood with heavy straps. This was then sealed by a French Customs official. (French fashions are generally imported in bond, copied



here, then shipped out again within a year to avoid paying stiff import duties.) . . . Out goes the igloo, *above*, pulled by a small tractor across the Orly airstrip; then, *centre*, into the *Pélican's* hold. It landed in a snowstorm, *far right*, at Kennedy International Airport, New York, at 10:02 P.M., after being diverted to Montreal for several hours. All passenger planes had been grounded long before; but the *Pélican*, like the postman, is undaunted by snow, gloom of night. Waiting at Kennedy was a small army of Customs inspectors, Air France baggage men, New York Customs brokers and forwarders, and the bonded field representatives who help them to clear shipments from overseas. Waiting in New York were buyers, fashion staffs and executives of the stores that had bought the French clothes. They went on waiting. . . . Finally, though not till next day, the cargo was cleared for unloading, wheeled into Cargo Building 86 (*below, left*). Long tables had been covered with clean brown paper for the unpacking and inspection by U. S. Customs officials, which began at once (a huge, undeclared carving knife was found in one box). Also waiting were piles of tagged U. S. Customs seals, which must be "sewn" onto all clothes entering the country in bond; this was done, *left*, by the Customs brokers' representatives, all of whom carry four-inch needles—some in their hats, some on lapels. The strings, with their numbered tags, were passed through the hems of the dresses, pressed firmly into the seals. . . . Then, the fashions were free to leave the airport. The flight of the *Pélican*—this historic "fashion flight," at any rate—was over.



Flowers for the revelation revolution

The bikini's not for swimming

This bikini is just for the
deliciousness of it—a snip of silk flowers
underpinning a matching
halter-strapped dress . . . flowers inside,
flowers outside, flowers all
the way in the revelation revolution.
Bikini, dress, and matching scarf
(not shown) by Trigère;
dress also seen on page 87.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.;
Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus.
Flowers in her hair: jewellery by
Paco Rabanne, at Bonwit Teller.
Coiffure by Ingrid of Kenneth.



Twilight Sentinel throws new light on my husband's favorite subject...

me!



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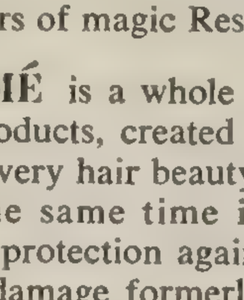
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STYLING GEL
PERMANENT WAVE
CONDITIONING SET
REMEDÉE
COMING SOON: SHAMPOO

Tom Wolfe

(Continued from page 124)

up, who is willing to go along with any and all plans, who nevertheless always has a notebook in plain sight in which he jots things down in shorthand. Doesn't the notebook put people off? Not at all, he claims, as we are all victims of what he calls "information compulsion"—*i.e.*, the desire to unload whatever is currently on our minds.

Tom's new flat is on Beekman Place, one of New York's swankier addresses. ("When I came up North, I didn't come here to fool around, you know.") It has taken him just three months to turn it into a Chelsea pad: a four-room Chelsea pad the outlines of which are still fighting desperately to retain their original individual status but have lost. "It's *all* apartment," he said enthusiastically at the time he moved in. "Nothing has been converted from one thing into something else. The dining room was *always* a dining room, the kitchen *always* a kitchen!"

Besides the kitchen which is still a kitchen and the bathroom which is still a bathroom, the dining room is a Chelsea pad, the living room is a Chelsea pad, and the bedroom is a Chelsea pad. And the fourth room has no function whatsoever. And no furniture. The largest of these Chelsea pads has improvised curtains in its windows; some (three differently coloured layers of gauze) with more ingenuity than others (bedsheets).

There are no carpets, and in the packing cases the books still lie unpacked. There is a pretty handpainted screen done by a girl friend and one painting—a self-portrait of a friend of his going off to the Draft Board with an inward look on his face.

There are four white chairs with a matching white table, "fake Saarinen," a drawing board, two divans with cushions and covers—also loosely improvised, and an improvised lighting fixture covered with gauze hanging from the ceiling. For the rest, it is filled (if that's the word) with piles of his own drawings collected for his one-man exhibition at the Maynard Walker Gallery last November, piles of newspaper clippings, and piles of just . . . *things*. A sign over the telephone reads:

Hello, Baby,
Just try this little
game one more time.

As if on cue, the phone comes to life with long, blasting, heart-attacking alarm-clock peals through the empty rooms, and Tom, although bestowing a look of hatred upon it, makes no attempt to still it. His fear of telephones is pathological. Originally, it was his editors and overshot deadlines he was hiding from; nowadays, with his celebrity, it is just about everyone he needs to avoid if he's going to get any work done. He would like to rent a room with a telephone out in New Jersey, give out that number as his, and then sit back in New York thinking about it ringing and ringing and ringing.

* * *

Tom Wolfe arrives for his interview at Sardi's East a surprising five minutes early wearing a pale-grey sharkskin suit and a tie twice as wide as usual with a lot of whorly clowns dancing about on it. It is a vintage tie from a line which was abruptly discontinued in about 1946, landing the shop with about ten thousand of these obsolete numbers which Tom is doing his best to get moving again.

It is necessary to refer to his clothes because he ascribes almost magical properties to them. "If that shirt and that shirt were running a race," he will say, pointing to what appear to be two identical shirts, "*that* shirt would win." Or, "What's the matter with people, don't they realize that *everything's* wrong with my coat? Too wide lapels, too much shoulder padding, and more buttons than a policeman's uniform?" He plans his wardrobe for what might be considered oddly disparate purposes: to look well in while simultaneously giving offense to his viewers—to "shake 'em up" as he puts it.

The interview takes place over iced tea, beer, and finally champagne in an effort to placate the hovering waiter longing to turf us out for the dinner crowd, and begins, portentously enough with (deep breath):

What do you feel is the function of journalism?

"The idea of what *is* news today—what people in power are doing—is still a nineteenth-century concept." (Actually, sitting there at the table in his pale-grey suit and fancy shirt and gold watch chain, Tom himself looks very like a nineteenth-century concept.) "I don't think that's the news. I like to give people news they didn't know was news.

"Not the 'big' subjects such as the latest war wherever it may be. Stock-car racing, on the other hand, I find a significant subject and one that never got written about. Perfect journalism would deal constantly with one subject: Status. And every article written would be devoted to discovering and defining some new status.

What about the charge that you are exploiting the factual authority of journalism and the atmospheric license of fiction?

"That again is a nineteenth-century orientation. First implication: Anything serious has to be ponderous. Second implication: All journalism should sound as if it's been lifted off the blotter of the police reports. To write from the 'outside' point of view is immediately to have about thirty-five people on your back. All your old teachers, all your literary peers—that sort of thing. 'Watch out for excess,' they all seem to be saying."

Do you remember when you first discovered yourself wandering around the minds of your subjects? You have Phil Spector, the Tycoon of Teen, sitting on a plane and looking out at the rain and thinking, "All these raindrops are high *or something. . . . Schizoid raindrops."*

"I don't remember when I started doing that, but it isn't exactly what I'm doing. Those 'wanderings' are based on things Phil Spector said to me—he described that scene to me—and

couched in his way of talking. What I try to do is re-create a scene from a triple point of view: the subject's point of view, my own, and that of the other people watching—often within a single paragraph. Incidentally, I always use the present tense."

Is there a literary precedence that you are aware of for this type of writing?

"The Serapion Brothers group of Soviet writers in the twenties."

Hey—if you're going to start lying this early in the—

"Brother Serapion is a character in one of Hoffmann's tales. Apparently this group of writers. . . ."

All right—name some.

"Eugene Zamyatin, Boris Pilnyak. Anyway, this group of writers was finally asked by the Commissars, look, are you for or against us? And they said, we are neither for nor against. They fooled around with multiple points of view. I stumbled across these writers in the Yale stacks while reading Gogol, who fascinated me. I learned he influenced this Serapion Brothers group, so I read them."

"With Wolfe for the Defense you don't need a Prosecutor," is the way someone described your supposedly "ambivalent" attitude towards your subjects. Isn't it necessary to have a moral attitude towards them?

"No! You can't approach a subject with a moral commitment and come up with something *new*. As soon as any approach has reached the stage that it takes on a moral tone it is already out of date—it's frozen. Popular moral attitudes are at least fifty years out of date. Academia knows this. In journalism we have the moral concept of One World, but any sociologist knows that Europe today—never mind the Common Market—is actually more fragmented in terms of nationalism than it was before the second World War."

But when you find yourself liking or disliking certain people you write about, doesn't it influence the way you write?

"I've often disliked people at the outset, but I can't think of a soul, if they turn out to be worth writing about. . . . I've never finished a story disliking them. There are some, however, that I never get through to—Cassius Clay, for instance. And I missed the important story about him: that he was getting involved with the Black Muslims at the time I was seeing him.

"I should have been aware of this from various things he said. Anyway, writing about people—it's not a friendship situation. I'm always interested in the different responses I get to my articles. Some people think I'm attacking the subject and some that it's a great boost. In fact, they're attributing to me their own feelings. It's good. It means I've been more or less scholarly. Rocket Scholarship."

Explain certain calculated mannerisms that reoccur in your work: "and everything," "or some other place," et cetera, and certain odd favourite words that are repeated: "arteriosclerotic," for instance. And your idiosyncratic use of punctuation and expletives.

"Repeating words means that they have become for me inseparable from the meaning I want. Eventually I get over them. Arteriosclerotic—I was obsessed for awhile with people's blood vessels getting stiffer and stiffer without them knowing it. 'And everything' et cetera because that's the way people talk. 'Or some other place' to indicate there are other places but not to be distracting, to keep the thing moving when I want it to. The exact opposite of this is *The New Yorker* style which requires that whenever you mention, say, an actor's name, you give the play he was in at the time, the cast, the theatre, and the length of time it ran, and you get a fact-stuffed sentence that's quite beside the point.

"I don't mind repetitions—three blues in the same sentence is O.K. It goes faster than another word meaning just the same thing. What I like is a tension going between colloquial speech and precise and even scholarly ways of thinking. I'm trying to restore punctuation to its rightful place. Dots, dashes, exclamation points were dropped out of prose because they 'reeked of sentiment.' But an ! is someone getting carried away. Why not? The writer carefully not using this punctuation doesn't bother to convey what's exciting to the reader. Sure, dots and dashes slow down the eye. That's good. That's the best thing that can happen. It's reproducing the abruptness that occurs in your mind when you're thinking.

"People only *write* in careful, flowing sentences; they don't think that way and they don't talk that way. Take Hemingway. People always think that the reason he's easy to read is that he's concise. He isn't. I hate conciseness—it's too difficult. The reason Hemingway is easy to read is that he repeats himself all the time, using 'and' for padding. I use expletives to indicate an atmosphere in a non-literal way. You get to a point where you have to use a word with no literal meaning to indicate an atmosphere. You can indicate a lot that way."

Which contemporary writers do you most admire?

"There are so few writers nowadays you can have any admiration for. They are already desiccated. They're just historical figures now. Philip Roth—not for the overall effect but for the Dickensian vignettes, and *great* dialogue. The white hope is Nelson Algren. He can write a great novel—*The Man with the Golden Arm* was—if he'll just do it. I liked Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. And Kerouac's momentum, only he's a little mindless and I'm tired of the people he's writing about."

For homework I've been reading Cyril Connolly's Enemies of Promise *because you're "promising" and I wanted to see what your enemies were going to be. What do you think of journalism-as-enemy-of-promise?*

(Tom's face is a perfect blank. Question repeated. Same reaction.)

(Continued on page 154)

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Tom Wolfe

(Continued from page 153)

I mean, don't you find yourself falling into these pitfalls: Immediate Impact, Necessity to Exaggerate to Make a Point, Writing for Now Instead of Eternity?

"I'm not bothered at all by the last. And most of the things I've written have been written under such pressure that I didn't have time to consider the impact. All I was worried about when I finally handed them in was whether they were legible, much less readable. But I don't look at journalism as an enemy of promise.

"On the contrary, I think it's really important to stay in journalism. Otherwise you run the danger of getting as completely out of touch as Salinger. What I would have Salinger do is write four pieces of journalism right now because it would force him to get in touch. You can't, by just leading your daily life, really see a goddam thing. You have to force yourself to get into unfamiliar areas. We're no longer living in a set feudal system."

There have been about twenty parodies of you so far. What do you think of your parodists?

"I think I've done a lot for them. Liberated them. I think they all like to kick their heels up a little now and then. Lillian Ross's doing a parody of me in *The New Yorker* was the best thing that could have happened to her. When they all came out at once—along about when my book was being reviewed, I got a little self-conscious when I'd sit down and write. Hesitant about an exclamation point. But since I've been out of New York these past months—to Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Columbus—and started working again, that's vanished."

What do you feel about your imitators? Cyril Connolly said that Hemingway's tragedy as an artist was that he hadn't the versatility to run away fast enough from his imitators.

"Well—I don't know—I think they're great. I'll be told about an article that's supposed to be an imitation of me and I always find I'm reading it right through and enjoying it."

How many times do you see a person you're writing about?

"As often as possible and while they're *doing* something. But it varies. Sometimes two hours are enough. Junior Johnson, the stock car racer, took four trips to the South. And a lot of it was boring because I was alone a lot when I wasn't seeing him and his crowd. But I know now that every extra bit of effort produces something."

What are your ideal working conditions?

"Still to be alert and not tired from eight P.M. to midnight. I've taken more physical punishment while writing than anything else I've ever done. My body has been more punished from writing than from any sport I've ever played. I write on unlined paper. I don't type it to begin with. I correct as I go along and I like to think that I'll just type it straight from that, uncorrected. But it never works out that way. I always correct and change as I type, so I'm really doing two drafts. But I never rewrite after that. With me it seems they either run it the way it is or refuse it outright."

Who does?

"My editors."

You take their word for it?

"Sure."

When you write, have you anyone in particular in mind you are writing for?

"Malcolm Muggeridge."

Do you have writer's block, and is there any specific thing you do to get over it?

"If I can somehow get some organization to my thoughts about what I'm writing, some concept, I'm O.K. The other thing that sometimes helps is to go out and have an Arabic meal —some *kibbe*."

What do you feel you have the greatest talent for?

"Drawing."

The least talent for?

"Creating stable ties with other people."

What economic class do you come from?

"A comfortable background. There was never any financial strain. But then I was never very extravagant when I was growing up. Never spent any money. I had one good suit, and my family had to force me to get another one."

What does your father do? This is going back to C. Connolly again. According to him, it should be possible to learn as much about an author from one paragraph of his writings as from his check stubs and love letters. And my guess—solely from internal evidence, you understand—is that your father was . . . (dramatic pause) . . . an undertaker!!

"Why?"

Because you seem absolutely obsessed with anatomical pathology and you know all the words.

"My father, before he retired, was an agronomist. He edited a farm journal, was one of the directors of a farmer's cooperative, and he had two farms. Maybe I'm a frustrated scientist. At Yale I roomed with two medical students and I picked up a lot of those medical terms from them."

Oh well. Have you got any old check stubs on you?

(Tom produces check stubs revealing that he spent a week in Columbus, Ohio, at the Holiday Inn motel, while doing a story on motorcycle racing; upon returning, went to the Ondine, a New York discothèque where he drank a bottle of wine, and is walking around at the moment with roughly seventy bucks in cash.)

*Do you feel that you had an important childhood—*i.e., *very disturbed, or unhappy, or ecstatic—in short, one that you find you keep constantly referring back to in your mind?*

"I was lucky, I guess, in my family in that they had a very firm idea of rôles: Father, Mother, Child. Nothing was ever allowed to bog down into those morass-like personal hangups. And there was no rebellion. The main thing about childhood was to get out of it. A child is at a great disadvantage. It's smaller than everyone else. I had a successful school career, I was a day student at St. Christopher's

in Richmond, Virginia, and I always liked making good grades —get that extra smile from the teacher."

You've never had a desire to write your autobiography?

"No. The first girl I ever fell in love with came from divorced parents. That was her status symbol to me. I was so envious of her because I thought, what dramatic lives they're all having—real material to write about. I guess I always wanted to be a writer. I didn't actually become one until I was thirty-two. I suppose there was a lot of fear involved."

Do you feel having a Southern background has helped you?

"Yes, and a semi-rural one especially. I like the way people talk in rural areas—homey phrases, it's a richer speech and phrasing. For instance, there'll be a bunch of men sitting around playing poker all day which, let's face it, is a pretty go-to-hell existence, and one of them will draw a really bad hand and say, '!!!!!@@@@xxxxx!!!!!.'"

Every single word of that is unprintable. Any other phrases?

"Let's see. I like to slip them in. Sometimes it'll be a thing that probably I'm the only one aware of. Like in one piece I say the way they pass a Saturday in Georgia is to go down to the railroad tracks and watch the Seaboard sleeper barrelling through to New York City. I mean nobody in *New York* calls it New York City. 'Just plain-long tired' is a phrase that's been cut out of every piece I've tried to use it in."

After you got your Ph.D. at Yale —what?

"I was offered a job teaching history in the Midwest but I turned it down. I'd had enough of academic life. But I stuck around New Haven and decided to become a bohemian. Jack London of all people was my model. I got myself a cloth cap and became a furniture mover for a trucking firm. But I could see that the girls in the offices weren't impressed. They couldn't see that this was a *bohemian* moving all that stuff. The last thing they want is a furniture hauler. Believe me there is *no* insight to be gathered from the life of the working-class milieu.

"This guy I worked with thought that all that was wrong with his life was the way his boss made him change the electric light bulbs in all the basements three times a week. Then afterwards sitting in a bar and drinking beer and watching television till it's time to go off to bed. That's all. So after two months of moving office supplies, I quit. I decided I wanted to be a newspaper reporter.

"I wrote to one hundred and twenty newspapers and only the *Springfield Union* answered. But I went up there and they gave me the job. At fifty-five dollars a week. All the way back on the train that day I kept singing to myself, I-am-a-member-of-the-working-press! Springfield (Mass.) was a revelation to me. It was the first time I realized that a city could be made up of more than one ethnic group that was politically powerful, that had its own way of life and its own restaurants.

"There were the Irish Politicians, and the Italian community, and a Negro Councilman—yes, being from the South, I definitely took notice of that. There were the French Canadians, and the Jewish community and the Orthodox Russians. That was where I first discovered Arab food. I covered all the 'beats' for the paper. The police station. City Hall. The fire department. The railroad station to see who was coming into town. It was very good for a person as lazy as me."

Are you politically Right or Left?

"I find Right and Left a totally obsolete idea. I would be tempted to support extremists on both sides simultaneously—you need extremist groups so that no one can get too much power. And I can conceive of joining a civil liberties organization to check a syndrome. The only danger to me as a writer is that any person could get big enough to stop me."

Tell about the lying. For instance, at one point you told me you had eight brothers and sisters and then later retracted it.

"That one began in Sunday school when I was about five. The teacher asked each of us in a kind of getting-to-know-one-another way if we had any brothers and sisters, and I said I had eight. She knew I hadn't and spoke to my mother about it, but it still persists. I don't understand it. I've always had the fantasy of lots of brothers and sisters. I have a fantasy brother named Harris who runs a hotel in Cuba and he leads to a fantasy of the F.B.I. being on my trail because of him. I think there must be some symbolic truth underneath the lies."

What makes you angriest?

"Humiliation. I never forget. I never forgive. I can wait. I find it very easy to harbour a grudge. I have scores to settle."

What makes you happiest?

"A good meal after some kind of victory."

Have you any superstitions?

"I *have* to look in the mirror every morning. Immediately. As soon as I get up. And it's not always the pleasantest sight but you have to keep track of how you're going, you know?"

What about love or sex? Cyril Connolly says . . . never mind.

"Which?"

Either.

"Love is tremendously important when things are going wrong. This is a part of status because every time I've been tremendously in love it means that my status has been in tremendous trouble. That wonderful love relationship comes when you want to create the second smallest status-sphere—one other person's approval is all that matters. It's comforting—one woman's approval."

And marriage?

"Right now I think of marriage as a luxury . . . and as an unnecessary complication. . . ."

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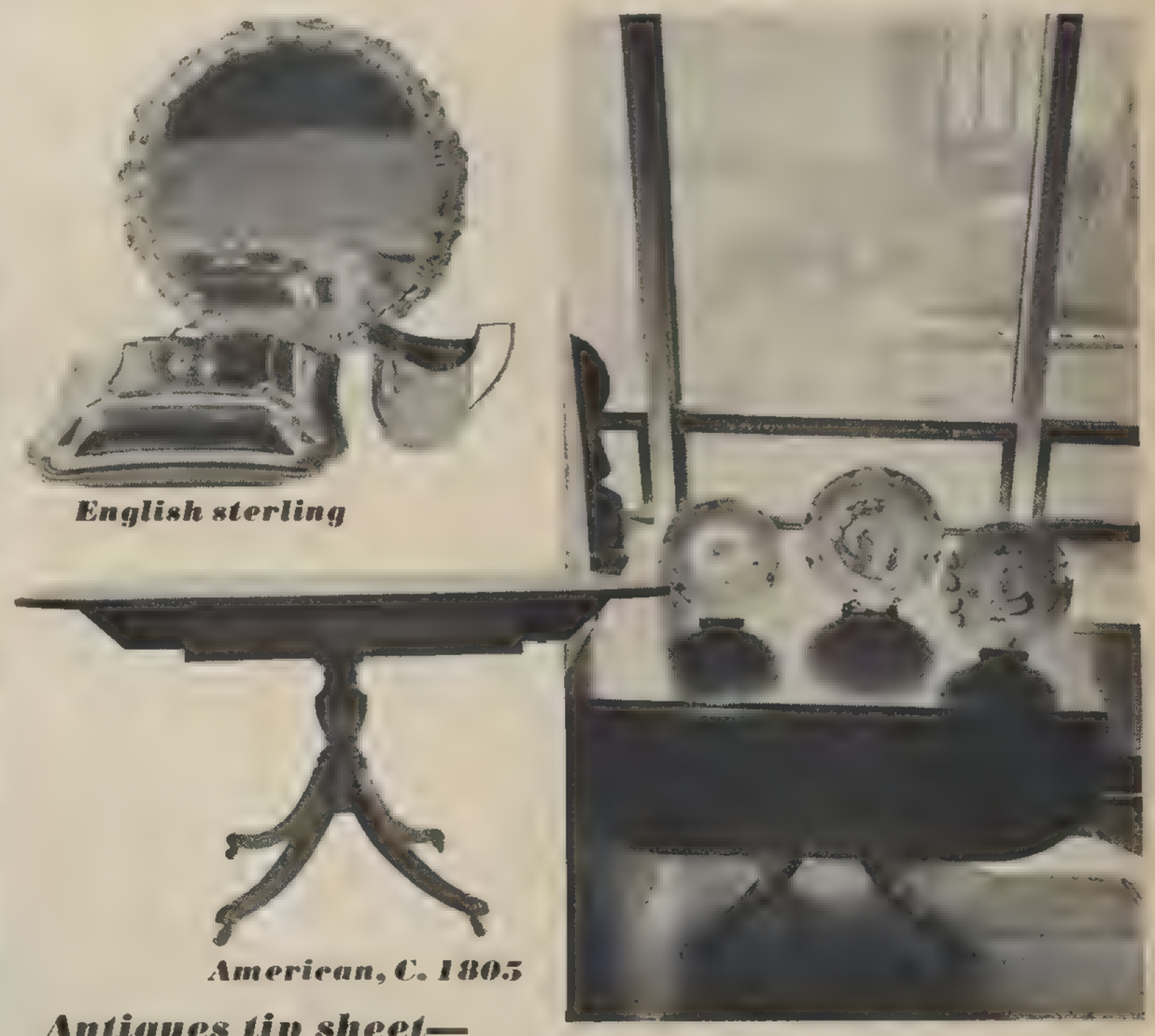
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English sterling

American, C. 1805

Antiques tip sheet—good buys for young collectors

Where is the action these days? In the antiques market, for one. The scoop is this: fine antiques are increasing in value, have the look modern rooms warm to, are as rewarding to hunt as to own. Peregrine Pollen, president of Parke-Bernet, advises: start with multi-purpose pieces, fine examples of periods not currently in top demand . . . profit from the expertise and good values of the best dealers . . . ask them to buy for you at auction. Collectors follow the sales and the exhibitions—the next great one, "Art and Antiques," sponsored by Art & Antique Dealers League of America, to be given at and for The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St., N. Y. 22, April 20-May 4. Here, a few buys from top New York dealers:

English sterling: 18″ salver by John Tuyke, C. 1738, $1,250. Cream pitcher by John Belden, C. 1803, $150. Entrée dish by Wm. Fountain, C. 1805, $850. James Robinson, 12 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.

American, C. 1805: A mahogany drop-leaf library table, seats six for dining, by Duncan Phyfe, $1,175, Ginsburg & Levy, 815 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22. On it, blue and white Delft chinoiserie plates, C. 1766. Small, $50; large, $75; Mottahedeh, 225 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, in whose own apartment these pictures were taken.

English, C. 1790: Fine, mellow fruitwood slope-front chest desk, ivory keyholes, $785, Arthur Vernay, 124 E. 55th St., N. Y. 22.

English, C. 1800: Regency flip-top black and pale wood penwork table for chairside, gaming; its chessboard looks "op." $625, Stair & Co., 59 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.

English, C. 1745: Carved oak Queen Anne roundabout chair. Its shape a delight. $1,250, Frank Partridge, 6 W. 56th St., N. Y. 22.

Dutch, C. 1830: Nest of four burlwood tables will chairside for a whole room; $450. Arthur Vernay, 124 E. 55th St., N. Y. 22.

French, C. 1750: Inlaid fruitwood tric-trac table, opens for cards, again for backgammon. By Jos. de St. Germain, $900. Louis XVI corner cupboard, beetroot coromandel panels set in black lacquer, $1,150. Both, Old Versailles, 152 E. 53rd St., N. Y. 22.

Dutch, C. 1760: Blue and white Delft faïence charger has the impact of a painting, $240. Start collecting with plates, cups, and saucers. Antique Porcelain Co., 48 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.

English, C. 1710: Queen Anne flip-top walnut table, opens for cards, again for writing. Silver, crystal inkwells in a storage bin, felt writing bed; $950. Needham's, 143 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.

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English, C. 1790



English, C. 1800

English, C. 1715



Dutch, C. 1830



French, C. 1750





Dutch, C. 1760



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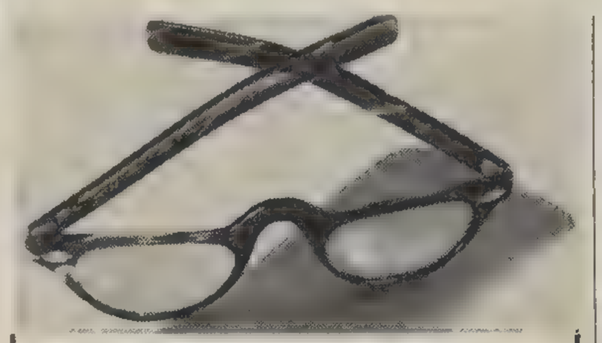
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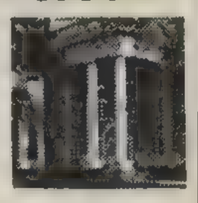
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Melina

(Continued from page 108)

car once. I'd bought it out of my own salary in Greece. Everybody in Athens drove that car but me."

"Still, if you go on spending everything you earn, what will become of you later?"

"I'll never be without a home. My friends say to me, 'Don't worry, later you'll live with us.' This much I am sure of, I'll always know where to go and for me that's enough."

She does not see her surroundings. Here her inability is, she says, almost total. She sees only theatre or movie sets.

"I can be no matter where, if I have someone I love beside me. It's only when I'm sick that I want to be alone, but even then I want people on the other side of the door." Since she met Jules Dassin, she has lived in the luxurious no-man's-land of the international Grand Hotel.

"I can't countenance solitude. Solitude is terribly selfish. Either you are a genius and are able to be alone, or you're like everybody else, and then it's a weakness."

Smiling, she adds that even if one doesn't love solitude, that doesn't prevent one's being "quite private."

There is, actually, in this royal unconcern, this scorn for possessions, for sham, a very powerful and mysterious gift for being free. With Melina everything happens as if freedom were not only the breaking of chains but the constructive principle of another order of possession. To possess nothing is to possess something, the Nothing that eludes single, material acquisition.

To possess nothing is to possess Athens, the sea, love, joy, and also pure despair.

Such is Melina, citizen of the sea, citizen of freedom.

Around her the walls have fallen. She stands naked in the centre of her world. She is the metaphysical tramp, but she is also Modern Tragedy, which is no longer a matter of attitudinizing, as is too often believed, but which subsists in a disquieting

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 104-105; other views, yardages, details)



6727 6490

Above left: Lace overblouse and bell-bottom pants—skirt and shorts patterns included. Vogue Pattern 6727. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 blouse requires 4¾ yds. of 18" lace cut crosswise; pants, 2⅜ yds. of 45" fabric without nap. $1.50. Canada, $1.65.
Above right: Lilac-checked gingham coverup—one-piece and two-piece bathing suit patterns included. Vogue Pattern 6490. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yds. of 45" fabric; trim, 1⅜ yds. of 35" fabric, both without nap. $1. Canada, $1.10.

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lucidity. "I am the person you see before you," Melina says. "Take me or leave me. I'll do nothing to please you that I wouldn't do if you were to expect nothing from me. And that is how"—as she well knows—"I will please you most."

Part II

In real life she is forty years old.

She is forty years old in the film that Dassin has just finished —*10:30* P.M. *Summer*.

I believe, I am even sure, that she plays the rôle of Maria as closely as possible to what she is in life, body and soul.

She is Maria. Her husband, played by Peter Finch, is Paul. Their young and devoted friend, played by Romy Schneider, is Claire.

Time undoes all love, the love Maria knows with Paul as well. With quiet despair Maria accepts the inevitable checkmate, age, the end, all endings. She does not resist. She drinks. Maria lives the end of love completely, with the same concern, the same passion that she must have put into living its beginning. In order to cope with this terrifying thing which is the end of love, Maria drinks. And she watches herself founder. Maria watches the inevitable shipwreck of Maria. With composure and dignity.

However, she makes one venture to defeat destiny; or, rather, destiny holds out a helping hand to Maria, and she seizes it.

Paul and Claire are still unaware of the attraction between them, but Maria has observed it for months. For months there has been an unspoken love, but Maria has been heeding it. Whom does one blame when feelings change? No one. What can one do? Not stand in love's way, for the best thing man can do here below is to love. Do nothing, even if that makes one suffer? Yes. Yet there is a way of making this suffering bearable, and that is to be the author of it. "I will give Claire to you" is what Maria would have said, had she spoken. "I will give you your second wife, and in this way I will share in your love. Your love will have an author—me."

Maria invites Claire to spend her vacation in Spain with them. The summer's promiscuity does its work: Feeling is recognized, it explodes; desire speaks. And it will be fulfilled.

This love *à trois* has a vulgar name. Usually it is condemned. *Ménages à trois* are often odious to outsiders. For love is still conceived in mediaeval terms: It must be absolute and eternal, on the scale of faith. To say that we are in love is implicitly to declare that we will love the beloved forever. Will the day ever come when we shall say, "For the moment it's you," or, "I'm in love and right now in love with you"? Perhaps never.

Claire has begun to love Paul and insolently bides her time.

Adultery is delightful only when it takes place in spite of some, even some fictitious, prohibition. If the ban is lifted, the charm is lost. In this movie, Maria lifts the ban: Let them do what they like. She is withdrawing from the game. Maria finds herself in a solitude at once abominable and proud, in Madrid. An anguishing defeat? A victory?

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

Lord and Lady Dufferin

(Continued from page 148)

ly adore dancing," said Lady Dufferin. "We both do. We'd dance all the time. English people simply won't dance enough."

Above all, perhaps, Lord Dufferin does all and more than is expected of a big landowner in Ulster. In 1586, when they fled from Scotland after the fall of Mary, Queen of Scots, the Blackwoods were granted lands in Northern Ireland at Clandeboye, where Lord and Lady Dufferin still live for part of the year. Canny marriages, and chameleon politics helped the Blackwoods to grow in power. Finally, from Queen Victoria, for her most fascinating and delightful Viceroy, came a marquessate and an earldom.

The Viceroy's mother was one of the three beautiful Sheridan sisters, granddaughters of the rackety genius who wrote *The School for Scandal*. To her memory the Viceroy built Helen's Tower, that dominates the lakes and woods of Clandeboye. The tower's walls are bright with painted shields and golden tablets engraved with poems about the Viceroy's love for his mother by Tennyson, Browning, and the Duke of Argyll.

The big, grey house at Clandeboye is very much as the Viceroy left it. He built on to a smaller house a maze of halls, passages, and billiard rooms, and transformed what he called his "misty mockery of a park" by excavating, with the help of hundreds of unemployed at the time of the 1848 famine, a huge lake in the shape of a shamrock.

The house is full of his trophies. In the hall, the walls bristle with halberds, damascened sabres, daggers, spears, and axes. The newel posts of the staircase are ten-foot narwhal tusks. In the hall below are the two gilded beds of the wicked Queen Supaya Lat of Burma, and everywhere are the Viceroy's books. The dinner table is still strewn with the gilded roses and spurs that he demanded as rent for the gatehouse of Killyleagh Castle.

Lord and Lady Dufferin see to it that Clandeboye Castle is still wholly lived in. There aren't any dank, closed-off wings; great fires burn in high stone halls. "There are so many things we want to do," Lord Dufferin said. "I'm building up a good shoot at

(Continued on page 160)



The knowing plaid, by Alper-Schwartz.

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See advertisement page 64.

Lord and Lady Dufferin

(Continued from page 159)

Clandeboye, which is rather exciting.

"Clandeboye hasn't any modern paintings, but I might make a gallery one day out of an old billiard room. The most definite plan we have is to live in Clandeboye in about a year or so and develop the farm there. We have about three thousand acres and an enormous amount needs to be done. Lindy has fallen in love with Northern Ireland."

"Oh I have," she sighed. "I want to have a studio there and paint, because when you have a great feeling for a place it shows and helps in painting. The decision about going back there is mutual—we're going to do so much."

Lord Dufferin has enormous influence on his wife, and she admits this freely. "She led a very isolated life before she met me," he said.

Lady Dufferin: "When I dress in the morning, I ask Sheridan what I shall wear. I used to bum around in sweaters and jeans. Now I love dressing."

Lord Dufferin's chief personal extravagance is motorcars. He drives a Porsche and a Buick. His wife drives the Porsche too, but feels equally at home in a mud-spattered, accident-battered, twenty-five-year-old Ford.

When they entertain, which they often do, they like small dinners for six or eight with an extraordinary mixture of friends coming in after: writers, actors, bankers, painters, movie producers, politicians, dons, and publishers. There is music, delicious food, and a great deal to drink.

They also like to have big house parties in Ireland with bridge, shooting, tennis, long walks, good talk, and expeditions to neighbouring houses and churches.

She has delicacy, charm, and fragility. He has strength and warmth. They are the young sophisticates, with the necessary commodities for privileged English marriage. Perhaps only two people so untouched could do it without arousing jealousy.

Spa checkout

(Continued from page 60)

baths, herbal wraps, trips to local museums, local mountains, aerial tramway, and of course all that endless supervised exercise and swimming and sunning—would then be about $385 for the week. Or you could check in as the program-interested half of a couple of people; your husband might not want to go on the program—he's on his own, therefore, as a regular guest of the hotel at whatever rates prevail. Or you both might want to join the program, in which case: bonanza; two for $600 per week is the goodie there. Mother-and-daughter combo, same fare. Friend and friend, ditto. The program is also hospitable to three-day weekenders. We ourselves can't quite see a stay that brief, though we can see how people from Los Angeles *can* (Palm Springs is closer to Los Angeles than the Hamptons are to New York City, any way you figure it—by plane or car). . . . And, to go on with the money talk, the program urges that you simplify the tipping procedure by leaving a flat $50 to be divided among your numerous caretakers. Nonetheless, we found ourselves and other guests cheating enthusiastically; couldn't say goodbye without doing some small special thing about Jan, or Angel, or dear little Marquita, the staff hairdresser whose interest in seeing your hair combed nicely for dinner came out of her own time. Which brings up another thing: the simplification of clothes. If you're on the Bennstrom program at the Palm Springs Spa, you wear a uniform every day. Spa-issued baby blue. Man or woman, it's sweat pants and sweat shirt, babiest of blues, all day, excepting when you're wearing a towel (Spa-issued) or your own bathing suit. For dinner, most women change into shirt or sweater, with either pants, long skirt, or short skirt (the pants run from Pucci to pouchy—no matter). At dinner, men change into sports shirts, jackets, slacks—mainly, we suspect, to enjoy the new ill-fittedness of their civilian clothes (men lose weight faster than women do, on the same regimes). Therefore, one bathing suit, a pair of sandals, a pair of flat-heeled walking shoes and something for dinner will do it all nicely—plus a warm overcoat for the cold night air of the desert, if you mean to see the desert's nights. If you're a golf nut, take your golf clubs. If you're a shopping nut, take money (as a shopping lure, Palm Springs is as juicy as any foreign port we've hit). . . . When your week at the Spa is over, you look it: your looks have been retrained by the experts. Farewells are always the same: affectionate—you have a sense that your life has been a little re-made. Among your co-program-takers, if you hit an average week, will have been this sort of mixed bag: at least one young woman getting her figure back after the last baby. A writer (one of the most gifted of the country's young male writers was there the week before our visit—no one knew him by any name except "that darling Herb; we all just loved him"). At least one famous female film face. The wife of another famous film face—he comes to the desert to join her on weekends. People who are spa-mongers—they try them all. And dedicated holiday-takers. . . . To get into the Bennstrom program, you call or write Palm Springs Spa. And to get to Palm Springs Spa, have a word with a travel agent; there are always some dodges about which only a travel agent seems to know. And the agent *at* the Palm Springs Spa knows them all.

For all the woman you are



Here's a stunning front view of Cira's new gown of Collins & Aikman's new Antron® tricot. One of a collection specially designed by John Kloss. Also available in sun yellow with white yoke, orange mist with blue, jade green with pink.

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